State Library 1jul'09

McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLV — SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908. — NO. 42

CRUSHED TO DEATH BY CARS IN CANADA.

J. S. Swanson of Kasson Killed Saturday Afternoon.

WAS RIDING ON A LOG TRAIN.

Cars Became Derailed and He Was Thrown Underneath—The Body Brought Home Tuesday—Funeral this Afternoon.

John S. Swanson, aged nearly 32 years, met with a horrible accident last Saturday afternoon on a log train near Fassett, Canada, in which his life was instantly crushed out under the wheels of the train.

Mr. Swanson, who had been working in the lumber woods about ten miles from Fassett, went down to that place on a log train Saturday morning with a friend who was sick and wanted to see a doctor. They attended to their mission, and started back on the empty train in the afternoon. They were riding on a bolster which the car on which they were, jumped the track. The shock threw Swanson off his balance and he fell under the wheels where his life was instantly crushed out.

His companion picked up the remains and took them back to Fassett where they were prepared for burial. His brother, Oscar Swanson, who was working at the same place, was notified of the sad accident and he came out of the woods and made arrangements to have the body brought home.

They arrived here Thursday evening and were taken to the home of his parents in Kasson.

John and Oscar Swanson left here on July 2, to go to work on the above mentioned job and but the news of his sudden and awful death was a terrible shock to his parents.

John S. Swanson was born in Sweden on December 8th, 1876, and when about three years of age came to this country with his parents, who some few years later located on the farm near Kasson on which they now reside, where the deceased has always made his home, when not at work in the woods.

He received a common school education and has followed the lumber business as a vocation since he grew to manhood. He was a good, honest, hard-working young man who had many friends in this vicinity who will unite with his parents, five brothers and three sisters in mourning his demise.

The funeral services will be held at the home of his parents at 2 o'clock this afternoon and his remains will be laid at rest in the Kasson cemetery.

Boy Badly Injured.

The following communication is from Richburg, N. Y.

Frank, the 15-year-old son of Fremont Scott, had his coat caught in the pulley of a running gas engine last Thursday and his clothes nearly torn off. His left arm was broken, and his right hip dislocated and the muscles and ligaments badly mangled. His cries for help were heard by Ed Jennings, who carried him to his (Jennings') home and summoned his parents and Dr. Mackenzie. The boy was taken from here on the evening train to the Bradford hospital. He was accompanied by his parents and the doctor. It was found necessary to remove five inches of one bone from his arm just below the elbow. The accident occurred on Mr Scott's oil lease about a mile and a half from this town. Sunday Frank was reported as getting along nicely. Had the engine not stopped for some cause unknown the boy would have been killed.

A Well Merited Promotion.

Rev. W. E. VanDyke, who has been rector of St. John's Episcopal church for the past year and a half has been called by Bishop Whitehead to be vicar of his St. Mary's church at Pittsburg. Rev. VanDyke expects to enter upon his new duties on or about November 1st.

During his stay in Kane, Rev. VanDyke and his cultured wife have endeared themselves not only to the membership of the St. John's church, but to a large circle of friends outside, and it is with a feeling of profound regret that the Republican notes their departure. May their lines fall in exceedingly pleasant places is our hearty wish.

While no one has been selected to fill the place which will be made vacant, we understand that Bishop Whitehead has one or two gentlemen in view and that the church will not be left without a pastor.—Kane Republican.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

DeWitt's Little Early Early Risers are small pills, easy to take, gentle and sure. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Foul Play Suspected.

Monday morning's Ridgway Democrat contains the following, relative to the body found between Glen Hazel and Straight on Friday:

The identity of the man whose body was found along the Johnsonburg railroad, about a mile this side of Straight, by Justice John F. Cranking on Friday last, is regarded as practically established. He is believed to have been Geo. Chopin a laborer, who had worked at Wilcox, Instanter and other places in that section, and there are apparently good grounds for the belief that he was murdered for money.

County Commissioner W. M. Thomas, Superintendent DeHass of the County Home, Justice J. F. Cranking of Straight and County Coroner Sharpe, met at the depot Saturday and conducted such an examination as they were able. The body of the man was in such an advanced state of decomposition that it bore no resemblance whatever to anything the man looked like when living, but the clothing he wore had not been entirely rotted away and it was this fact which led to what is believed to be a proper identification.

A brother of Chopin appeared on the scene and declared that the clothing was similar in every respect to that which his brother wore on July 1st last, at which time he disappeared as if swallowed up by the earth. The fact that Chopin's disappearance, the finding of the body dressed in clothing similar to that which he wore, together with other circumstances, leaves but small ground for doubt that the remains are those of Chopin.

What leads to the suspicion that he was foully dealt with, is the fact, according to his brother's statement, that he had on his person when he disappeared something like $300, whereas not one cent was found on the body. Then one of the pockets was turned inside out, another indication of foul play.

The body was found close to the railroad and it is possible that the man was struck by an engine while walking on the track and hurled down the embankment into the pool of water in which he was found, or the man may have been murdered for his money and the body placed on the track, from which it was thrown by a passing train.

An examination of the remains revealed that a shoulder blade and one of two ribs were broken which furnished ground for the belief that the man had been struck by a train, either while living or dead. How he met his fate, however, remains a mystery, as does also the question of how the body could have remained so long where it was found and not have been discovered before.

Democratic Mass Meeting.

The Democratic mass meeting held at the court house Tuesday evening was a great success, especially the parade previous to the meeting. The parade formed at the Wright House a few minutes before eight o'clock while the I. O. O. F. band played a selection. The line of march was from the corner of Main and Mechanic streets to the court house in the middle of the pavement and the parade was formed in the following order:

Drum Major Lindsley
I. O. O. F. Band
Speaker Johnson
Unterrified Candidates
E. T. Daly, John Ginney
Russell Lindsley, John Haley
—Our Pink Compositor
(The Torch)

The gorgeous parade was followed on the sidewalk by perhaps 30 men and boys, anxiously waiting for the band to play, but aside from the muffled beat of the drum not a sound was heard. And the absence of redfire and torches made one think of the ancient Arabs in Longfellow's "The Day is Done."

At the court house F. W. Brownell acted as chairman, introducing the speakers which included: Asher Johnson, who announced that he would speak about "Thirty Minutes" and during the forty minutes he used up the audience anxiously watched and listened—to the clock. L. R. Shaw discussed dead issues—Partison, Quay and Delamater. R. W. Hilton talked about two minutes, telling what he would not do if elected and who should not vote for him. Samuel M. Seibert outlined his advanced ideas and paid his respects to his opponents, Frank E. Baldwin and Elisha K. Kane. W. Harrison Walker informed those of the audience who remained that Capt. Barclay was a dead one and told his hearers of many wonderful things he would do if the voters would assist him in squeezing his massive intellectual self into the very small hole left by the political death of our present Congressman.

Note—Owing to the fact that our Pink Compositor was so far in the rear we may have missed someone in the darkness who took part in the parade, and in such event if the party or parties will make themselves known we will gladly give them proper credit in our next issue.

Subscribe for the MINER.

REPUBLICAN MASS MEETING.

Speakers Warmly Received at Bradford Tuesday Evening.

A very successful Republican mass meeting was held Tuesday night in this city at Exchange Lyceum. The hall was filled and there was much enthusiasm. Hon. J. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia was the principal speaker. Messrs. F. D. Gallup, F. P. Schoonmaker, Frank E. Baldwin and Robert P. Habgood also spoke, the remarks of all being very well received, says the Bradford Era.

County Chairman Gallup called the meeting to order and after a few remarks introduced the speakers, the first being F. P. Schoonmaker, chairman of the meeting.

Chairman Schoonmaker then made a few introductory remarks and said that McKean county had always been on the right side in matters of moment, and he felt sure that the county would be on the right side in the present campaign and roll up a large majority for the Republican ticket. As to the local situation, Mr. Schoonmaker spoke of the excellent qualifications of the Republican candidate for State Senator, Frank E. Baldwin, and of the two candidates for the assembly. Both of the latter, he said, were well located geographically and closed by asking that the Republicans vote for the entire county ticket as well as the national ticket.

Frank E. Baldwin, Republican candidate for State Senator, was the next speaker. He told of being a former resident of McKean county and felt that he was among friends before a Bradford audience. He stated that he would, if elected, exercise his best judgment in the discharge of his duties. He predicted the election of the entire Republican ticket. When Mr. Baldwin had finished he was given a round of applause.

Hon. R. P. Habgood was the next speaker. He said that Ohio had been classed as the "mother of Presidents" and predicted the stork would make its appearance in that state again this fall. Mr. Habgood said that the people, at the primaries, had named a county ticket and that Hon. James A. McKean at Smethport and himself had been selected to again represent the county at Harrisburg. He said that Mr. McKean was widely known and highly esteemed. He was familiar with conditions in the county and well equipped to again serve the people, if elected. The speaker declared that it was the purpose of both Mr. McKean and himself to look after the interests of all in the discharge of their duties at the state capitol—the merchants, the producers of oil, the lumbermen, sportsmen, good roads promoters, the hospitals, the schools, Beacon Light mission, etc. Mr. Habgood stated that the Democratic opponents were good men and that not a word would be spoken against them, but if they were elected, would as members of the minority, have little weight in the legislature so far as bringing about needed legislation. The speaker was warmly applauded.

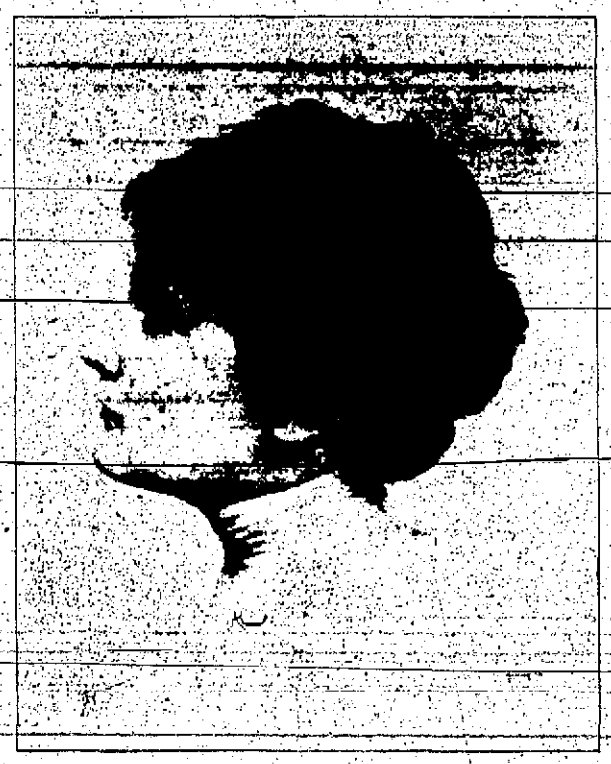
Hon. J. Hampton Moore, in an eloquent and convincing speech, tore into shreds one after another the Democratic "paramount issues" and set forth sound arguments in favor of Republican principles and candidates. He showed that the tariff is a vital issue and recalled the dark days of depression in Cleveland's second administration. He referred to the McKinley bill which did so much to right matters and restore prosperity by shutting out the competition which came from foreign cheap labor. In discussing the currency question, Mr. Moore asked: "Why should the government guarantee the bank deposits any more than guarantee you or I against loss upon a building lot or a mill which might depreciate in value?" He finished his very able effort by saying that the Republican party will win.

"Hooligan's Troubles."

"Hooligan's Troubles," a melange of music, mirth and melody, at the Lyceum on Oct. 19, is brimful of ginger, snap and go. There is not a dull moment from the rise of the curtain on the first act until it decends amid a tumult of laughter and applause at the close of the last. There is more plot than is usually encountered or expected in a farce comedy and the piece is not a mere vehicle for the exploitation of an assortment of individual specialties evolved by the author, but are genuinely funny and the many musical numbers are not dragged in but are legitimately introduced as a part and parcel of the play. Mr. Jas. B. Mackie, who appears in the stellar role, that of Hoolhgan, is unquestionably one of the best comedians on the stage and as he makes his first entrance the fun "begins to commence"—as they say—and continues until the final curtain.

The company this season has been much enlarged and many new musical numbers have been added. "Hooligan's Troubles" should prove the laughing festival of the season.

Wanted—A position as cook or at general housework, where I can live with family. Apply to Anna Mayfield at residence of Mrs. John Brooke, Smethport. 1t



JUANITA RUSH, Prima Donna, Herald Square Opera Company
Smethport Lyceum, Friday Evening, Oct. 16, 1908

Criminal Court News.

In the case of V. Matteo, charged with threatening to kill certain boys who were swimming in the Tuna creek, in Bradford's suburbs, the defendant was found guilty and Judge Prather sentenced him to serve two years in the penitentiary.

J. P. Papi, the Italian convicted of a murderous assault on Contractor Strano of Icaho, for hold-up purposes, was sentenced by Judge Prather to serve seven years in the penitentiary.

Samuel Burrows, charged with stealing harnesses and other articles, was committed to the county jail for 3 months on one charge and on two other counts sentence was suspended till next term. Lewis Clark Burrows, his assistant in the operations, was ordered to return such stolen goods as could be recovered, and then be sent to the reform school at Morganza.

J. B. Lanagan of Port Allegany, charged with robbery, was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years and six months. His pal, D. J. Kennedy, was given two years in the same institution.

Not a true bill, was the grand jury's decision in the case of Mike Bomko, charged with selling liquor without a license, the prosecutor to pay costs. Not a true bill was found against Charles Malmstrom in another liquor case, the county to pay the costs.

E. W. Long was charged with selling liquor to minors at Mt. Jewett, but the grand jury returned not a true bill, the county to pay the costs.

John E. Ford was tried on the charge of assault and battery and acquitted, but was directed to pay half the costs, the other half being placed upon the prosecutor, E. C. Seeley.

Edgar Crandall was tried for assault and battery and found not guilty, the prosecutor, Nicholas Baker, to pay the costs.

Ola Butler of Bradford, charged with the larceny of $25 from Mrs. Watson, was tried and found not guilty.

W. W. Ketchel, charged with assault and battery by his wife, was given a trial and at the direction of the judge a verdict of not guilty was rendered.

Another liquor case from Mt. Jewett was that brought against Mrs. F. L. Campbell, proprietress of the Fairview House. The grand jury found not a true bill.

B. Patton and C. Jones were sentenced to pay a fine of $5 and spend five months in the county jail for attempting to kick open a door in Bradford.

Charles Teleboyear, convicted of misconduct at a Kane hotel on a recent occasion when he and a young woman obtained lodging under the pretense that they were a married couple, was sentenced to pay the costs in the case and to likewise pay a fine of $100 to be turned over to the poor department of the county, to be used for charitable purposes.

William Carter, convicted of stealing an overcoat at Kane was sentenced to pay a fine of $5 and be confined in the county jail for six months.

The jury in the case of Domonico Costello of Bradford, charged with the larceny of a watch, returned a verdict of not guilty.

Fred Backus, Esq., a young lawyer of this borough, who was admitted to the bar at the June term, made his debut there last week as counsel in two cases. In one case he was for the defense and in the other for the prosecution. He won both cases and is receiving congratulations.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Nonpartisan Issue.

President Roosevelt puts the issue before the American people in a brief and forcible paragraph, when he says:

"To fail to elect Mr. Taft would be a calamity to the country, and it would be folly, while electing him, yet at the same time to elect a congress hostile to him, a congress which under the influence of partisan leadership would be willing to thwart and battle with all possible vigor against every effort to give effect to the principles for which he stands. To elect Mr. Taft and at the same time to elect a congress pledged to support him is the only way in which to perpetuate the policy of the government as now carried on. I feel that all the aid that can be given to this policy by every good citizen should be given, for this is far more than a merely partisan matter."

There has not been an election since 1861 with issues so clearly nonpartisan as the present one. While William H. Taft is nominated for president of the United States by the Republicans and stands on a platform representing the policies and achievements of the party, he is pre-eminently the candidate of sober, sane, patriotic American citizenship irrespective of party.

As Lincoln stood for the Union in 1864, backed by all Democrats who were true to the Union as well as by the Republican party which named him, as McKinley stood for honest money in 1896, backed by men of all parties who were opposed to Bryan and partial repudiation, so Taft to-day is the candidate of all opposed to the same Bryan and his later schemes of financial disorder and business disaster, as menacing to the welfare of the community and the credit and honor of the national government as Bryan's former proposal to degrade the United States to the financial level of Turkey and Haiti.

Democrats as well as Republicans are interested in preventing the disturbance to business, the distress to labor, the danger to the financial integrity of the nation and of the moneyed institutions, which are the arteries of national wealth. Bryan, who is now posing in his last desperate effort to get votes as a smasher and wrecker of any and every business enterprise that may come within his arbitrary definition of a trust, who is still an apologist for degradation of the national currency, even while professing that free silver dormant for the time being, whose forlorn hope for success is in exciting mutual hate between citizens of our common country, would not, for he could not, make any partisan distinction in the calamities his election would bring upon business men and workers of every form of political faith. The Bryanite blight would be for Democrats as well as Republicans, and therefore Democrats as well as Republicans should join in assuring their common safety and the welfare of our common country by electing William H. Taft and James S. Sherman president and vice-president of the United States, with a congress cordially in harmony with the broadly American and patriotic course that Mr. Taft could be counted on to pursue.

Death of Col. Irwin.

B. F. Wright of this place received a message last night stating that Col. Edward A. Irwin had died at Atlantic City on Tuesday. His home was in Curwensville and he was a member of the old Bucktail regiment and prominent in that organization.

Col. Irwin had many warm friends in this vicinity who will deeply mourn his loss.

Subscribe for the MINER.

To-morrow Evening.

A more attractive and clever bunch of stage beauties would be hard to find than the chorus girls of the Herald Square Opera Company, which comes to the Lyceum to-morrow for a one-night engagement. The Herald Square Opera Company is a comic opera repertoire combination, but the attraction selected for the Smethport engagement is a musical comedy adapted from Richard Stahl's famous New York Casino success, "The Parisians," in which the show girls are afforded rare opportunities for the display of their established vocal and terpsichorean nutilties.

The show will be admirably staged and in the matter of costumes the management of the company has provided a lavish demonstration of the dressmaker's art.

In the cast will be seen a number of light opera favorites whose success with the Colonial and other equally well known musical organizations is now a matter of operatic history. These include the vivacious Juanita Rush, prima donna; the stately and graceful opera queen, Louise Montague; the inimitably funny-fellows, Jack Leslie and Ed Gilmore; Signor Martino Pasko, the eminent tenor and former member of the opera company of the late Digby Bell, Abbott and Charles Piquet, a sweet voiced baritone, and energetic and very capable business manager of the company. The latter was for several years a resident of Port Allegany and has a brother who lives there at the present time.

Mr. Piquet proposes to give his old townspeople a chance to see the show, but not until Smethport folks have first been served with their portion of this dainty musical relish.

Bottle Blowers for Taft.

Some of the members of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association in this section have been talking in favor of Bryan of late, because they claimed that Bryan and the Democratic platform were more in accord with unionism and, therefore, would be better for their trade, but this appears to be a local condition, the members of this organization in larger places seeing things in a different and in the true light.

The Akron, Ill., Glass Blowers' Union the largest in the American Bottle Blowers' association, has conducted interference by Samuel Gompers and advised the union to endorse Bryan for President and very summarily laid on the table the communication from President Gompers at their business meeting.

President D. A. Hayes of the National organization of glass blowers, is a vice-president of the Federation of Labor and for his part in attempting to lead the glass blowers into the Bryan camp Hayes is being scored by the union men who rejected the Bryan lover of Gompers.

Prominent glass blowers say their trade's only salvation is a protective tariff, through which their wages were restored, and the 10 hours at Akron are loud in expressing their resentment of an attempt of their head officers to lead them out of the Republican party and they say that many of their union voted for Cleveland and experienced four years of trade depression and six years of a cut in wages and they denounced Hayes for consenting to the attempt to secure the Bryan indorsement.

Horrible!

As Jack Smith, better known locally as "Smithy" was pursuing his way via the Wilcox road from the direction of Freeman toward Hazelhurst, Thursday, he was for some unaccountable reason, overcome by an inclination to take a drink of water. And with this commendable object in view spread himself on all-fours above the glistening surface of the big spring which bubbles from the hill-side on the James Randall farm at Point Pleasant.

Unfortunately for "Smithy," and serenity of his most sincere intent, he had failed to note the presence of a 200-pound ram which filled in a goodly portion of the foreground and which, just as "Smithy" began the work of syphoning up the water, landed head first on the background of the drinker, standing him squarely on his head in the cool depths of the spring, and not content with this, butted the unfortunate man about, finally breaking one of his legs.

Friends in time made their appearance on the scene, driving away the enraged animal and rendering the injured man such assistance as was necessary in getting to a carpenter's shop where he repaired his leg of wood.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Rings Little Liver Pills for billousness sick headache, muddy complexion. They tone the liver: do not gripe. They keep you well. 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

A good hammerless shotgun. For particulars inquire of

E. W. WORKLEY.

The Capture of Cateswell.

By ARTHUR DENSMORE.

Copyright, 1908, by C. H. Richardson.

I HAPPENED to be driving past the railroad station when the train pulled in, and from the look of him I guessed who he was. I don't go to the Methodist church myself, but I'd heard them talking about it.

"You're the new minister, ain't you?" says I. "Well, it's a right smart piece over to Middletown. Get in and ride."

"Thank you," says he, smiling quite cordial. "Mr. Boggs was to meet me, but he doesn't seem to be here."

"Boggs got summoned to appear before the grand jury today to tell what he knows about Jim Slosh's selling liquor on the sly," says I, and coming on him quite unexpected and he and Jim always being good friends, it hairpin him up so's he must have forgot about you."

"Then it's surely fortunate you happened along," says he, helping Gates, the station agent, put his trunk into the back of the wagon.

He was a nice, pleasant spoken little chap that didn't give himself airs or talk about things common folks couldn't understand, and I cottoned to him right off. But all at once a horrible suspicion struck me.

"Say!" says I, pulling up the horse short. "I see you come alone. Are you married?"

"No," says he, reddening some in the face and getting kind of confused, "not yet."

"Poor little cuss!" says I as sympathetic as I knew how. "Poor little cuss! You've got a mighty tough row to hoe, and no mistake."

He laughed out loud when I said that.

"Now, why, I wonder?" says he.

"It's easy enough to see. I should think," says I. "There's fifty-four eligible females in your congregation. Yep, ain't got all the privileges Solo Josh had, and you can't marry but one. When you do that the other fifty-three 'll get sore, and they'll go whispering around that your preaching ain't orthodox. that if you open a row, and you'll have to go looking for another job."

"I'm afraid you're a bit of a cynic," says he.

I didn't think I'd said anything that gave him cause to call me a name like that, and I told him so.

"Didn't a term of reproach," says he, "it's merely a way of saying that you don't sanctimonial."

"Well, I guess not," says I.

We was just going by the Holmes place, and I caught a glimpse of Sophie Lohmeyer. It's forty-two if she's a day, and she can't feel no on her age, but looking out from behind a window curtain to see a fellow pass further on, just as if she was getting info the village, we'd said the Rogers twins, comforting couple, with their arms twined comfortable around each other's waists. They're pooly stuck up, and generally they don't notice up on the street, but when they got a sight of the minister they smiled most affable and bowed cold, and, "How do you do, Mr. Smith?" "Oh, I was just old bachelor good, just coming to town after spending forty prosperous years or so in the golden west.

"You see how it is," says I, winking at the minister. "First time they've spoken to me in six months."

"I fancy you tend toward playful exaggeration," says he as I set him down at the door of the hotel.

"What?" says I, suspecting another insult.

"I mean," says he, "that you get more fun out of life than most of us do."

"Well," says I, "I ain't saying but that may be so. Let before you've been here long you'll find that I've sized the situation up pretty accurate. And if you feel like you wanted advice any time just whatever. There ain't nobody hereabouts that can't do you off any straighter than I can."

"Thank you," says he, waving his hand as I was driving off. "Good-by, and I'm sure I shall enjoy seeing more of you."

"Don't mention it," says I.

When I'd driven a couple ways up the street and Cateswell had got inside the hotel I saw Susie Ramsdell come out of Jim Jarvis' store right opposite. She'd been in there, pretending to buy some thing, just to get a chance to rubber at the minister.

Well, I come to know Cateswell pretty intimate after a little. I guess folks had told him I was a chap that could keep things under my hat, and so he made quite free in telling me things. He had to quit living at the hotel after a week or two. Bill Tyrrell, that runs it, swore so the parson couldn't stand it. Bill's got a voice that you can hear over in the next township when he's speaking as usual, and when he swears he raises it a little. So it didn't do Cateswell any good to shut himself up in his room. He could hear it up there just the same. He gave Bill a talking to about it. Bill got mad. He doesn't know half the time when he swears. It's as natural to him as eating and almost as natural as drinking.

"Something's got to be allowed for the infirmity of human nature, sir," says the minister, "but such profanity as yours is inexcusable. It is not merely that it violates the precepts of religion; it's against common decency."

"If you don't like it," says Bill, "you can move."

So Cateswell moved.

He done something like the governor did when the county attorney resigned. There was about fourteen candidates planning to get the nomination. The governor didn't want to take sides, and so not to give any of them an advantage over the others he said he'd appoint Judge Wilson, it being understood and agreed that the judge wouldn't be a candidate for the nomination. When the convention come to meet the judge said he'd found there was such a widespread desire to have him continue in the office that he felt he'd be shirking his duty to the public if he didn't accept the nomination and that the convention would be shirking theirs if they didn't give it to him. So he's county attorney yet, and that's more than fourteen years ago.

Cateswell went on the same principle as the governor. He figured that because the Widow McLeod was most forty, with a son going on nineteen, she wouldn't be a candidate.

"She's just like a mother to me," Cateswell says to me after he'd been rounding at her house a little while, "always comforting me about going out in wet weather without my overshoes and worrying if I have a little headache."

I didn't say anything, just snuffed. But he got riled on.

"You don't think she's got designs on me, do you?" says he.

"Well, I shut blind," says I.

But as soon as the widow didn't really cotton, and it wasn't long before the fire narrowed down to Susie Remick and Ida Sargent. Susie was a dark fish complected girl with large, sort of sorrowful eyes. She was pretty strong on book learning, Remick would write poetry now and then, and she was out and out quick at putting herself forward. The Sargent girl was different. She was one of the light, fluffy, curly haired, rosy cheeked, blue eyed kind that can fall you deep, dumb and blind in ten minutes. Of course in a way she had an advantage, not being married, like Susie, but nevertheless counted for a whole lot in a game like that. That's where Cateswell's mother's comes in handy. Mrs. Remick was on to him, and, when she could get a fair go, kept after him with the rolling pin on the sly, and when it came to the point where Cateswell was to make his declaration the poor man was all in the dark as to which way to jump.

The odds of the shore used to lay wagers on who was going to win. Most of 'em gambled on the Sargent girl, but I'd just shut my left eye and say, "You wait and see." Then they'd get stuffy and say I was always putting on airs and pretending to know more'n other folks and they suspect. I hadn't got no second sight and wa'n't no prophet either, all of which I took good natured, not being given to worrying.

Cateswell used to talk the situation over with me quite frank.

"I believe I could be happy with either of 'em," he'd say. "In fact, I'm quite sure of it. But I can't make up my mind which to choose. Miss Remick is the intellectual side of me; but on the other hand, Miss Sargent is—is—and her sympathizing nature—"

"I've got to have it over with," says he. "I'm longing for a quiet domestic retreat of my own, and besides, the thing's getting on my nerves and worrying me so's I can't sleep nights."

Well, right at the outset Mrs. Remick slipped up. She took so much time packing her lunch basket, so's to be sure to get in all the things Cateswell was fond of, not to mention advising Susie, that she and Susie didn't show up at the church till just as the last barge was ready to leave. And Ida Sargent and the minister had gone in the first one. That didn't worry Mrs Remick much, though, because she knew, of course, Cateswell wouldn't propose in a crowded barge with folks packed in as close as sardines all round him. But going around the corner by the Narrows the pole of the tail one barge broke off short. They sent down to Smith's shipmill, which ain't far away, and got some help and patched it up, but they lost half an hour doing it, and of all the thirsty people you ever saw Mrs. Remick was the worst. But that wa'n't a circumstance to the way she felt when she got to the lake and couldn't see anything of Cateswell or the Sargent girl. Some of the folks she asked first and they didn't know where the minister was, but it tease her. But in a little while she located him. There he was in a rowboat with Ida Sargent, clear out in the middle of the lake, and Susie's long distance soprano warbling "Oh, Promise Me" across the water. For a minute Mrs. Remick thought she'd die all over. But she don't give up easy. So she just made a trumpet out of her hands and shouted out:

"Launch ahoy!"

"Ah, I rather early?" yells Cateswell after a minute.

"Oh, dear, no!" hollers Mrs. Remick. "And please hurry. We're most famished!"

You'd ought to have seen the look on that Sargent's face when she and Cateswell stepped out on the pier. Mrs. Remick grinned. She saw she'd been just in time. Then she and Susie one side and Cateswell to her. I happened to be passing and I couldn't help hearing part of it.

"You've got to pay for being so [illegible] dots bashful, Susie," says she. "You got him down to that bench on the swing and Bill Browning to him just as soon's lunch is over and leave the rest to me."

Somehow Susie plucked up courage to do it.

They hadn't been sitting there more'n five minutes before Mrs. Remick swooped down on 'em from behind. She put one hand on Cateswell's shoulder and t'other on Susie's.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you!" says she. "I have long expected it. Bless you, my children!"

Cateswell was so surprised he couldn't say anything for a minute, and when he did find his tongue and start to tell Mrs. Remick that it was all a mistake she slaughtered him with talk about how she'd always considered Susie just cut out to be a minister's wife.

"But you know," says Cateswell getting desperate.

But she didn't seem to hear him and began saying how Cateswell was the first man she'd ever seen that she thought was good enough for Susie.

Cateswell saw 'twa'n't no use. He thought of how it would look if Susie should sue him for breach of promise and it should get into the newspapers, and the thought of it made him chilly the whole length of his spinal column. So he just gave up.

Well, 'twas p'raps a week before the wedding that Cateswell got confidential, even more'n usual with me and told me all about how Mrs. Remick had worked it.

"You see," says he, "I'd finally decided I'd marry Miss Sargent, and naturally I—well er—as you tabulu say, resented Mrs. Remick's conduct. But upon reflection"—

Then he broke off short and run the palm of his hand thoughtful-like over his forehead for a minute or two as though he wa'n't quite clear how to go on. Then he says quite sudden:

"She's a fine girl, Mr. Smither."

"Mighty fine girl," says I.

"Of course," says he, sort of meditating, "I don't mean to cast no reflections on Miss Sargent. She's a nice girl too. But the more I think of it the more I feel that on the whole I'd druther—I mean I'm glad that—that I'm going to marry Susie. She's more domestic and—and—gathering me in—and—Say! Know Lady's girls [illegible] with Mr. Smither, and you'd [illegible] than I have. What's your opinion?"

"Same as yours," says I.

"LEMON'S READY!"

"SLOW PROGRESS IS YOURS, IS IT?"

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form for malaria, chills and fever, regulates the liver, kidneys, and bladder, brings quick relief to biliousness, sick-headache, constipation. Pleasant to take. One $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times the quantity of the 50c size. First dose brings relief. Its tonic effects felt at once. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

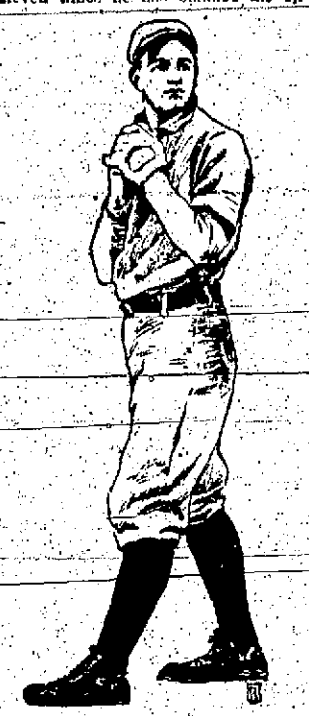
INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies

Pinenles for the Kidneys. 30 days' trial $1.00. Hundreds of people testify to the merit of this preparation in the relief of kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, backache. Pinenles act directly on the kidneys, purify the blood and make you feel like a new person. They tone the system. Sold by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove and Palace Pharmacy, Smethport.

The SPORTING WORLD

Mathewson in Class by Himself.

Christy Mathewson of the New York Nationals has proved this year the assertion often made that he is the greatest pitcher in baseball today. Of course he has had the advantage of working for a team that has played championship ball for the past two months. He has won thirty-one games out of forty. Eleven times he has blanked his opponents. He has given only forty bases on balls, about one per game. He has struck out 225 men, or almost six per game, and has allowed about six hits per contest.



CHRISTY MATHEWSON, GREATEST BASEBALL PITCHER.

Horse Racing in Florida.

From all indications Florida will have plenty of racing the coming winter. The Jacksonville project now is said to be an assured fact with T. D. Sullivan of New York and some of his friends and an agreement has already been made of a two months' meeting at Tampa opening Feb. 8. Tampa claims a better town for racing in the way of possible local patronage, but against it is urged the fact that the plant is not up to date. The Tampa track is said to be a half mile affair and that kind will not go with horsemen when there is a mile track within easy reach. The Miehigan and Jack Pot will, undoubtedly, race well, and if the promoters carry out their plans as announced they should hold the upper hand.

May Run English Marathon Over.

To show that England has runners capable of doing better time than the 26 miles made in the Marathon race the London Evening News is offering a prize of $500 to be run for over the Marathon course, 26 miles, 385 yards. Many of these runners have already entered, among them being Dorando, Hayes and Charlemont, the French champion. Dorando is to carry a pole such as he carried at the Olympic. St. George has also entered, and the promoters to run the race with the aid of women. "As I am now a veteran," he says, "I can hardly hope even if I train on oxygen to beat the men of today but I am going in for training. I shall have a rough idea of what I can do within the year, and if it will help me to make a good show that will be convincing and to me, at any rate, most interesting proof of its value."

Constance Titus to Row Again.

With the decision of Amateur Sculling Champion Greer to quit and become a professional came the authentic report that Constance Titus, the former national champion, will get back into the game and attempt to regain his laurels at the next national regatta, thereby dashing the hopes of last year's champion, Bennett, and that wonderful comer, O'Neill. Titus looked the class over in the last national and is said he can hand his backwash to all with the exception of Greer. The latter's turn to the professional ranks gives him his opportunity. Greer is to become coach of the Western Rowing club of St. Louis.

Socker Is Growing on Coast.

So remarkable has been the progress made by association football in Portland, Ore., in the last three years that, where it was difficult to get an eleven to compete in the Lewis and Clark fair socker tourneys at all, this fall there will be a Portland city league, with probably six teams, governed by a central body on the California plan.

Jockey Lyne to Ride in Belgium.

Lucien Lyne, the noted American jockey, has written his parents, who reside in Lexington, Ky., that he has signed a contract to ride the remainder of this and all of next season for Lord Ribancourt, a noted Belgian turfman of Brussels. The monetary consideration is not stated in the letter. Lyne is riding now in England as a free lance.

Penn to Play Carnegie T. I.

The University of Pennsylvania has agreed to play a football game with the Carnegie Technical Institute in Pittsburg in 1909. This game takes the place of that originally scheduled with Swarthmore. It is the first game that Pennsylvania has ever played in Pittsburg.

If you are a sufferer from that most distressing affliction, piles, and have tried many remedies without being benefitted we can safely say that ManZan Pile Remedy will bring relief with the first application. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Uses For Salt.

In the laundry a handful of salt put in the rinsing water will prevent the colors from "running" in prints and woolen articles. A pinch in the starch will prevent it from sticking to the iron, and a rough iron may be smoothed by rubbing it in fine, dry salt. If new prints are soaked in strong salt water before washing they will keep the color better.

In the sickroom, too, it finds a place. Salt and water make a good gargle for an inflamed or chronic sore throat, and an outward application will strengthen the chest after an attack of bronchitis. It may be used to strengthen a sprained limb, and for those who cannot enjoy sea bathing a bath of salt water occasionally is very refreshing.

Removing Iron Rust.

To remove iron rust from garments spread the stained portion over a bowl containing a quart of water and a teaspoonful of borax. Apply, some hydrochloric acid drop by drop until the stain brightens and then dip the stain at once into water. If not removed, use the same method until the stain disappears.

Another remedy is lemon juice and salt. Sprinkle the stain well with salt and moisten with lemon juice. Lay in the sun to dry and the stain will be bleached out. This method is less likely to affect the material.

Burnet Butter Sauce.

An excellent sauce for boiled or broiled fish is made by cooking three tablespoonfuls of butter until it is a deep brown, then stirring in three quarters of a cup of cider vinegar and a tablespoonful each of capers and finely chopped parsley.

If small sweet pickles, chopped fine are used instead of the capers, a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar should be added to the sauce.

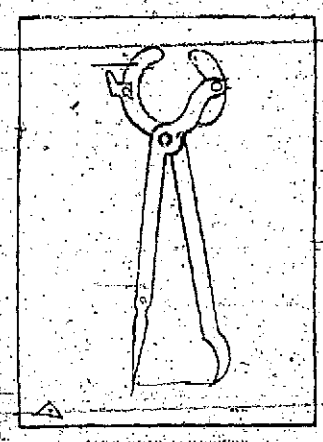
The dressing can be used either hot or cold as preferred.

Magic Polishing Cloths.

Mix two pounds of whiting and one half ounce of oxalic acid with a gallon of gasoline. Stir and mix thoroughly. In this compound soak flannel rags of the desired size, then wring out and hang up to dry, being careful to keep them away from a fire or open flame. These cloths will give a fine gloss to silverware and will not tarnish the hands and will preserve their polishing qualities indefinitely.—Woman's Home Companion.

Fruit Jar Wrench.

Any person who has ever struggled with a fruit jar that had the lid stuck will be grateful to the Idaho man who has given us the fruit jar opener. This device is constructed on the principle of a pair of pincers, and the jaws which are semi-circular and made to fit around the top of a jar, are serrated in such a way as to obtain a firm grip. Heretofore it was impossible to get a good purchase on the tops, as the hand would slip before the top would turn if the latter stuck very badly. Then, too, the opener eliminates all danger of cutting the hands on the metal of the top or the glass of the jar.



JAWS OF THE OPENER.

Red Salad.

Cook half of cold boiled potatoes; a pint of pickled beets and a pint of uncooked red cabbage. Cut potatoes and beets into dice; shred cabbage fine. Dressing for above: One tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of mustard, a tablespoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of butter. Mix until smooth and three eggs beaten well, a cup of the red vinegar in which the beets were pickled and a cup of cream.

Hamburg Rice.

Wash a cupful of rice, put it in a kettle and add an onion cut fine, a teaspoonful salt, a pound hamburg steak, and five or six cups boiling water; season to taste. Let it cook slowly and uncovered, as it burns if covered. It takes about an hour and a half to cook. When the water has almost cooked away, cover and set on back of range where it will keep hot and finish cooking by its own steam.

Cleaning Painted Walls.

To clean painted walls dissolve two ounces of borax in two quarts of water and add one tablespoonful of ammonia. Use half this quantity to each bucket of water. Do not use soap. Wash a small amount of the paint at a time and rub dry with a clean cloth.

Papering a Room.

Never put a deep border on a low ceiling room. It is really better not to have any at all. A flowered or trellis effect will do much to give height. If two small rooms are together, it is better to paper and carpet alike, giving the effect of one room.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.

Come to the
"MINER"
Office
for first-class
Job Printing
of any kind

ACME MILL,
F. A. GREEN, Prop.
We carry a complete and fresh stock of
FLOUR, FEED,
MEAL, OATS,
MIDDLINGS, Etc.
AGENT FOR
Blatchford's Calf Meal.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece o
Fresh,
Salt or
Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter,
or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES, PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you claim you find
Just What You Want.
A line of Trunks, Telescopes, Sole Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single, double, light and heavy harness.
Chas. Remmler,
Smethport, Pa.

PATENTS
PROCURED AND DEFENDED [illegible]
IN ALL COUNTRIES.
[illegible]
Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively.
[illegible]
913 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
GASNOW &

C. A. BURDICK
Dealer in the following high grade pianos:
The A. B Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.
Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.
C. A. BURDICK,
[illegible] Street, Smethport, Pa.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

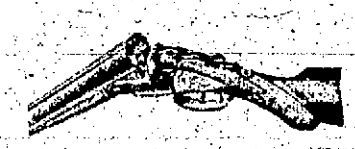
HORSESHOEING and BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE BIG STORE.

—Headquarters For—

Winchester U. M. C. Loaded Shells.



Remington Pump Guns
Ithaca Hammerless Shot Guns
Single and Double Hammer Guns
Gas Heaters and Ranges

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

A Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherry-bark, Bloodroot, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which those agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherry-bark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, obstinate, hang-on, chronic coughs, bronchial and throat troubles, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering hang-on coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. Holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach), it is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity."

"Golden Medical Discovery" enriches and purifies the blood curing blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings and old sores, or ulcers.

Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet telling all about the native medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There's no alcohol in it.

Falling in Love.

I do not doubt that as the world goes on a deeper sense of moral responsibility in the matter of marriage will grow up among us. But it will not take the false direction of ignoring those our profoundest and holiest instincts. Marriage for money may go, marriage for rank may go, marriage for position may go, but marriage for love, I believe and trust, will last forever. Men in the future will probably feel that a union with their cousins or near relations is positively wicked; that a union with those too like them in person or disposition is at least undesirable; that a union based upon considerations of wealth or any other consideration save considerations of immediate natural impulse is base and disgraceful. But to the end of time they will continue to feel in spite of doctrinaires that the voice of nature is better far than the voice of the lord chancellor or the royal society and that the instinctive desire for a particular helpmate is a surer guide for the ultimate happiness both of the race and of the individual than any amount of deliberate consultation. It is not the foolish fancies of youth that will have to be got rid of, but the foolish, wicked and mischievous interference of parents or outsiders.—Grant Allen.

Knew the Sound of Wood.

There was an argument on a cricket field in a village near Nottingham, England, which interrupted the game for some time. The match was being played between the local tradesmen of the village. All went well until the bowler, who was the village constable, a man over six feet tall, sent a ball which bumped up from the ground and hit the village butcher, who was exceedingly fat and perspiring freely, on the head. The wicket keeper, a remarkably thin and agile man, who was the village grocer, caught the ball and yelled, "Ow's that?"

"Hout," shouted the village baker, who possessed only one eye.

"I'll say 'ow!'" roared the fat butcher, who refused to have it so. "But hit 'it me on the 'ead."

"I'll don't know where hit 'it you," responded the umpire, who was the village undertaker, "but I'll knows the sound of wood when I'll 'ears hit, so hout you go."

The Tricksters.

"Political tricksters always give themselves away," said a congressman. "Their methods remind me of the two men who wanted to sell their corpses for dissection. These two men accordingly called on the dean of a medical college in New York.

"We are both on the verge of starvation, sir," the spokesman said. "We are well on in years, and it is clear that we haven't much longer to live. Would you care to purchase one body or your choice now?"

The dean hesitated.

"It is an odd proposition," he muttered.

"But it is occasionally done," said the spokesman, with eager voice.

"Well," said the dean, "we might arrange it. What price do you ask?"

"Cash in Philadelphia," said the spokesman, "they gave us $10."—New York Tribune.

Not So Bad as She Feared.

"Dear!" she whispered as she cried a little over it and pulled her head against his left hand and stuck it in her pocket—"George, I want to ask you a question a very important one. Why do you allude to papa as a pirate? Surely you must have some good reason for doing so."

"I have, darling!" responded George, with a dreamy faraway look in his eyes. "Pirates hoard people, you know, and I expect your father keeps his work all right, or eventually hoard you. Oh, how clever you are, George! Do you know, I was awfully afraid you were going to get off that unclean chestnut about his being such an old freebooter, and I'm so glad you didn't, because all the fellows I've had have said that, and I was longing for something new."

A Natural Cross.

One of the most beautiful natural rock carvings in the world is the Southern Cross, on the island of Grand Manan, in the bay of Fundy. It stands at the head of a ledge of rocks jutting into the bay from the foot of one of the immense cliffs at the southern end of the Grand Manan. Its shape is that of an almost perfect cross.

Corroborated.

"Though many people think so who hear me play," said the long haired amateur, with studied carelessness, "I have no intention of becoming a professional musician. I play merely to kill time."

"I knew that as soon as I heard you," enigmatically replied one of his listeners.—Kansas City Independent.

Said What She Meant.

"Oh, I am so awfully ashamed of myself!" said Edith Jones to her dearest girl chum. "When Henry proposed to me last night I intended to say, 'So sudden!' but I quite lost my head and exclaimed, 'At last!'"

An Exception.

"Animals," said the teacher, "frequently become attached to people, but plants never do."

"How about bars, teacher?" queried the small boy at the foot of the class.—Chicago News.

Hard to Tell.

Miss Budget—Do you think Mr. Sniffkiss is sincere, when he writes that he loves me more than tongue can tell? Miss Peachblow—I dare say. He's long enough, you know.

Rose Lawrence Cough Syrup always brings quick relief to coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough and all bronchial and throat trouble. Mothers especially recommend it for children, as it is pleasant to take. It is gently laxative. Should be in every home. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Public Penance.

In former times persons guilty of grievous and notorious offenses were required to make open confession and further, to make satisfaction for the scandal given by their bad example by doing penance publicly in a white sheet in their parish church. The sheet was used to show clearly to every one which was the offender. The last time that public penance was done in an English church was on Sunday evening, July 30, 1682, when a man named Parlree, in the church of All Saints, East Clevedon, made an open confession of immorality and promised to perform the penance thus imposed on him by the vicar. No white sheet was used on this occasion. The last case in which one was used appears to have been one in St. Bridget's church, Chester, in 1851, but on that occasion the penance was not public, the church door being locked. In the previous year, however, public penance in a white sheet was done in a country church in Essex, and a similar thing occurred in Ditton church, near Cambridge, in 1840.—Stray Stories.

An Unexpected Check.

A man who won a reputation for cool daring and almost eccentric fearlessness along a thousand miles of the southwestern border was A. L. Parrott, at one time a sergeant in McNelly's company of Texan rangers. One night in 1875, about six months after Parrott left the state service, he was sitting in a house in a little town in southwest Texas playing chess with a friend. It was a warm night, and the chessboard was on a table close to an open window. Parrott had the white men. His queen was in a direct line with the black king, but a black knight was between the two pieces. It was Parrott's move. Suddenly there was a sharp report outside, and a bullet whistled in through the window, hit the black knight and buried itself in the wall. Parrott had been bending over the board, and the bullet was evidently intended for his head. But for a few seconds he did not stir. He saw the black knight suddenly vanish. Then in his peculiar drawling, hesitating way he said, "Check!"

The Stone of Infamy.

In many Italian cities there formerly existed what was called "pietra d'infamia," or a stone of infamy, for the punishment of bankrupts. In Venice one stands near the Church of St. Mark, and in Verona and Florence they are near the old markets. On a day in carnival week the old time custom was to have all traders who had become bankrupt in the preceding twelve months led to the stone, and one by one each was set on its center to hear the reading of a report of his business failure and to endure the reproaches heaped on him by his creditors. At the end of a certain time each bankrupt was partly undressed, and three officers took hold of his shoulders and three others of his knees and raising him as high as they could, lumped him on the stone deliberately twelve times, "in honor of the twelve apostles," the religious crowning the rocks while the bumping proceeded.

Wigs and Trousers.

The wig fell out and gave place to the natural hair powdered and pomaded, as a result of the movement back to nature which accompanied and preceded the French revolution. But why did the wig come in? Some say that Louis XIII. started the fashion when he began to grow bald, the court imitating him out of a desire to please the monarch. Be that as it may, the wig vanished, as few articles of costume have ever done, and those who have begun to despair of the universal fashion ever being reinstituted find comfort in the fact that wigs prevailed for considerably more than a century in England, whereas trousers scarcely existed a hundred years ago, to say nothing of being the universal wear.—London News.

Mother Earth.

When Junius Brutus and the sons of Tarquin asked the famous Delphic oracle who was to succeed Superbus on the throne of Rome they received for an answer, "He who shall first kiss his mother." As the two princes were hastening home to fulfill what they thought was meant Brutus fell to the earth and cried out, "Thus do I kiss thee, O Earth, the mother of us all!" This is perhaps the earliest recorded instance of the use of the term "Mother Earth."—Exchange.

Diplomacy.

"I'm surprised at you."

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, your wife tells me you've invited the grocer and butcher to your party tonight!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Think of what you owe society."

"Yes, but think what I owe my grocer and butcher!"—Judge.

Cheap.

Pat—This is a great counthry, Mary Ann.

Mary Ann—And how's that?

Pat—Shure, and the paper says yez can buy a five dollar money ordher at the postoffice for only 3 cints. O'im off afther one now, wid the 3 cints yez give me for the soap.—Pathfinder.

More Than One.

"I remember your wife as such a dainty and pretty thing. Humly, and yet they tell me she has turned out a fine cook."

"Turned out a fine cook? She has turned out half a dozen of them within the last three months."

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those that never come.—Lowell

Kodol is a combination of the natural digestive juices and it digests all classes of food and every kind of food, so you see it will do the work that the stomach itself does. The only difference between it and the stomach is the stomach can get out of order. Buy Kodol to-day. It is guaranteed. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Made the Most of His Hats.

When Lord Milner held his first reception at Pretoria the officers and legislators were given to understand that frock coats and tall hats were expected of them. There was only one shop in the place in which silk hats were sold, and this had but four of them. The Transvaal legislators rushed off in a body to buy these four, but the hatter, not being mad, saw his opportunity in their extremity. He knew there was no time to get hats from anywhere else, so he resolved not to sell. He offered to let them out on hire at the rate of 10 shillings for ten minutes. His shop was close at hand. Four gentlemen could present themselves before his excellency. After ten minutes they must silently steal away and hand over their hired finery to another panting quartet. It was done, and the hatter still repeats dreamily as he recalls the moment of his life, "It would not have been fair to have sold them, not fair to my customers and not fair to myself."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Couldn't Faze This One.

An instance of the careless, good natured philosophy of the negro may be seen in the little doggerel verse laughingly sung by a black farmer when at the end of a bad crop year nothing was coming to him after his supply bills were paid. He could neither read nor write, he had no money or chance of getting any for another twelve month, yet apparently there was no fretting on his part. He took the balance sheet, which was an utter mystery to him, and, pretending to inspect it and following the rows of figures with eye and finger, he gleefully chanted:

"Aughr's an aught,
Figger's a figger,
Ewything fur de white man
An' nuffin' fur de nigger!"

Then carelessly he stuffed the bit of paper into his pocket, "cut the pigeon's wing" and finally walked away to all appearances with a whimsical enjoyment of the fact that his own penniless condition corroborated the statement of his song.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Put to Flight.

The baby in arms was screaming lustily, and the man in the gray suit could not hide his irritability.

"What on earth, madam," he spluttered, "do you mean by inflicting such a howling bear into a public vehicle?"

"It isn't a bear!" retorted the mother, with natural indignation. "And if I'm any judge it doesn't howl half as much as you did at its age, going by the looks of you!"

The man in gray wriggled uneasily under the general scrutiny.

"Baby," cooed the ugly saint," pursued the infuriated female, pointing at him, "see the monkey, monkey, gorilla man what might take a first prize at a beauty show for the ugliest face! Baby push up the ugly monkey man with!" But the sentence remained unfinished, for the man in the gray suit had bolted.—London Graphic.

Soft Birds.

That birds in the family termed surf birds in the Hawaiian Islands should leave that paradise of the Pacific to go and rear their young in the tundras of Alaska would seem to many an extraordinary proceeding, yet the turnstone and the black bellied plover and the Pacific golden plover make the long journey of about 4,000 miles thither annually.

Two Reasons.

"You mustn't play with Mr. Bowing's hat, Bobby," said a young lady who was entertaining a caller to her small brother.

"Why doesn't I?" asked the youngster.

"Because you might break it," replied his sister, "and, besides, he will want it shortly."

Her Great Memory.

The gift of memory was being discussed when Allee wisely said:

"Mother's got a good memory. She can remember things a heap further back than any of us children can."—Lippincott's.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank

of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's

BAKED GOODS
TOBACCO
CIGARS

AND FINE CONFECTIONERY

JUST A WORD

WE CARRY

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 13, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Dance at Lyceum Saturday night.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Emery is seriously ill at the home of her mother, Mrs. J. F. Ehenspacher.

—It is said that a boy aged 16 years was recently found in Camden, N. J., in the last stages of leprosy.

—The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will have "Festival Days" in the chapel on Friday, Oct. 16, to begin at 2 o'clock. There will be vegetables, fruit, jellies and cooked food on sale.

—The John W. Abbott house and lot in Friendship was sold on Friday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to O. P. Hazzard of Nile, who will take possession in a few days. Mr. Abbott will locate in New Haven, Conn.

—The following itinerary has been prepared for the balance of the present week by the Republican county committee: This evening, Thursday, Elkdred; Friday evening, Crosby; Saturday evening, Hazelhurst. Hon. J. Hampton Moore will speak at a majority of those meetings.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday, Oct. 18th, (St. Luke's Day) the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The rector's sermon will take account of work and services of the parochial year. At All Saints' chapel there will be service and Sunday school at 2 p. m.

—Chas. Pickette, who is well known in this place, is manager of the Herald Square Opera Company which appears at the Lyceum to-morrow night. In a communication to Manager Clark Mr. Pickette writes: "I can assure you you are to get the best Opera Co. and the best show on the road to-day."

—The official ballot to be used this fall will be the largest printed in this county in the past twelve years and may be the largest ever used at any election in this county. Four years ago it was thought the ballot was a large one, but it was a mere baby compared with what the one this fall is expected to be. The last Presidential ballot was 19x5 inches, but this year Commissioner Clark, A. B. Walker sends out the information to builders that it will not be less than 35x32 inches and he informs the writer on Tuesday that it might be considerably larger than the last named figures.

—The James Goodwin farm, of 90 acres, located on Middaugh Hill, town of Sergo, was rented Saturday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Herbert Crane of Honeoye, Pa., who will take possession this fall.

—Stephen Flanagan, a former Bradford young man, was accidentally shot and killed near Vermilion, South Dakota, last Saturday morning. The unfortunate young man was 23 years of age and had many friends in Bradford and vicinity.

—Dull cares, the blues and all forms of melancholy are the avowed enemies of "Hooligan's Troubles," which comes to the Lyceum on Oct. 19. The spigot of merriment is turned on with the rise of the curtain on the first act, and there is a continuous flow of mirth until the final of the curtain. Judging from press endorsements, local theatregoers should come prepared with laughter receptacles. It promises to be the hit of the season.

—The Port Allegany Argus says it has been busy for the past week figuring out whether the fiery-tempered editor of the MINER had a brain storm, a bad attack of indigestion or an awful jawing by his wife, when the MINER editor gave the Argus a pen-flaying last week. But the Argus man says he is satisfied with the contest as a whole and thinks the Smethport victory fair according to the rules provided. However, he still persists in leading his readers to believe that the MINER claimed that a Port Allegany man "deliberately fouled" one of our runners, and that we referred to a decision in the pole vault as "especially rotten," when he knows, or at least ought to know, that the MINER never made any such statements. For the further information of the Argus editor we will say that our brain is calm, our indigestion excellent and our wife and limbs been extremely free from talk-fests.

At any time when your stomach is not in good condition, you should take Kodol, because Kodol digests all the food you eat, and it supplies health and strength for the stomach in that way. You take Kodol just for one little while when you have slight attacks of indigestion, and you take it just a little longer in order to get relief from severe attacks of Indigestion or Nervous Dyspepsia. Try Kodol to-day. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Tired mothers, worn out by the restless, cross baby have found Cascaweet a boon and a blessing. Cascaweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills common to hot weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable annually. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Oct. 15, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Smuemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HAGGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

It looks like a great victory for the whole Republican ticket this fall, claims to the contrary notwithstanding.

A MAN who makes a good public servant should be energetic and obliging and should not have too many irons in the fire.

You will make no mistake in voting the straight Republican ticket. The best claim the Democrats can make for any of their candidates is that they are "just as good," and you know the "just as good" never measures up to the genuine article.

THE many friends of District Attorney Guy B. Mayo have no cause to worry about his re-election. He has made such a good record during his first term in office that he has the Prohibition endorsement and his Democratic opponent is said to have withdrawn.

THE Democratic candidates who have accepted the endorsement of the Prohibitionists appear to be ashamed of their relation to that party. At least they do not refer to the Prohibition or Local Option cause in their speeches except in the roundabout way of initiative and referendum.

WHEN would-be State Senator Seibert was making his tirade against corporation men representing the people in the legislative bodies at Harrisburg we are almost certain that we saw at least one of the Democratic candidates wince. Mr. Seibert should be more careful, because sometimes Democratic candidates are interested in corporations.

AFTER all the Prohibitionists have done to assist the Democrats toward electing part of their ticket in this county, it must go against the grain of the loyal Prohibitionists to have a Democratic candidate accuse their leader, Elisha K. Kane, in the meetings now being held in this county, of being a monopolist and a man who, if elected to the Senate, would befriend corporations against the people.

JUST before Taft's special train reached Sterling, Ohio, Tuesday, rails spread and the forward trucks of the candidate's private car left the track. There was a quick stop and no harm was done. Whether the rails spread accidentally or a train wrecker had tried to cause the death or injury of the candidate and his friends, on board, is a matter of conjecture.

WHEN honest workingmen who are capable of understanding their own needs and those of the nation are spoken of as a class of voters who may be delivered to this or that political party at the behest of a scheming politician and professional "labor leader," they are being libeled. American workingmen are amply able to manage their own politics and to do their voting in their own way as free American citizens. This being the fact, is it any wonder that unions all over the country are resenting the interference of that would-be boss, Sam Gompers?—Bradford Era.

THE Republican candidates for County Commissioners, John A. Peterson and A. M. Marsh, will be elected by large pluralities, as they should be. Both are thoroughly capable men who will fill the position with credit to themselves and the people they represent. There were a large number of candidates in the field at the primaries, all of whom had their friends who wanted to see their choice nominated and naturally some were more or less disappointed at the defeat of such friends, but Messrs. Peterson and Marsh were the honest choice of the greatest number of Republicans, and they will be the honest choice of the people at the polls.

B. F. STARSKY, the Republican candidate for Prothonotary, is a young man perfectly capable of performing the duties of the office to which he aspires. He is thoroughly conversant with the nature of the work; he is an energetic, ambitious and obliging young man who is always willing to do a favor for any deserving person, even though it makes extra work for him and that is the kind of a man the people want in this particular office. Mr. Starsky's many acts of kindness, shown to patrons of the Prothonotary's office, has won him hosts of friends in both parties who believe he is the right man for the place and will give him their votes at the next election.

SOME of the political friends of Messrs. Hilton and Shaw are trying to dodge the Local Option issue by claiming that a vote for these gentlemen does not mean a vote for Local Option inasmuch as such an act by the legislature would only give the people a chance to vote on the question, and one Democratic paper goes so far as to say that it is time enough to take its stand on this question after a Local Option bill has passed, inferring that when it comes to the last ditch that this newspaper would be liable to be against instead of for local option. In other words, it asks the people of this county to vote for these gentlemen, that they may go down to Harrisburg and vote for a measure that this newspaper is not willing to say it will support when it comes before the people for final settlement. But this is about on a par with other arguments used in this campaign.

ONE of the opponents of Frank E. Baldwin, Republican candidate for State Senator, is making the claim that he was not the honest choice of the people on the ground that several hundred Democrats voted for him at the primaries, but at the election in November he will probably discover that Mr. Baldwin was not only the choice of the Republican voters of this district, but the choice of the whole people. Mr. Baldwin is a man who wins the confidence of the people wherever he goes and his many firm friends throughout this district will see to it that he is vindicated at the polls in no mistakable terms. Mr. Williams was undoubtedly surprised when he learned that he was beaten for the nomination and probably could not fully realize it at first, but he is too much of a gentleman to make any claim of dishonest methods in bringing about his defeat. Mr. Baldwin was honestly chosen as the Republican candidate for State Senator and claims to the contrary by his opponents will only make him more popular with the people.

R. W. HILTON, Democratic-Prohibition candidate for Assembly, during his brief address at the court house Tuesday evening said, "If you think more of appropriations for McKean county than you do of honest politics, don't vote for me." No one questions Mr. Hilton's honesty and it is only another proof of his honesty when he openly admits that his opponents will be able to do more in the legislature for the county in the way of appropriations than he. If Messrs. McKean and Habgood are returned to the legislature they will not only be able to get more for the county in the way of appropriations for our hospitals, etc., but they will be able to do more in the way of getting needed legislation for the whole people of McKean county. They can do a great deal more toward getting anything McKean county wants in the way of legislation: first, because any member has much more influence the second term than the first, and second, because they belong to the party which will be in power in that body. If Messrs. Shaw and Hilton, or either of them, are elected they will go to the legislature pledged to do two things—defeat Boise Penrose for United States senator and pass a local option bill. The first is an absolute impossibility and if the second is accomplished, they will be kept so busy that they wont have any time for anything else. No wonder Mr. Hilton admits that the people must chose between him and local appropriations.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Almon Wordworth, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Almon Wordworth, late of Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

JOHN I. ROBERTS, Administrator.
Ceres, (P. O.) N. Y. Oct-1-m-6 1908

The drug store formerly owned by L. K. Hogarth has been thoroughly renovated and an entire new stock of

Drugs, Medicines, Rubber Goods, Trusses, Toilet Articles, Stationery, Candy and Cigars

has been put in. Call and inspect so when in need of pure, fresh goods you will know where to get them.

A. B. Armstrong

35 Acre Farm With New Buildings For Only $1,500.

We offer for sale the Palmer farm of 35 acres, located one mile from Farmers Valley, Pa., and five miles from Smethport, Pa., on R. F. D. 18 acres flat land, balance side hill of easy grade, all cleared except 5 acres small timber. Fine spring water, good wire fences. 4½ acres fine orchard 12 years old. Nine-room cottage in fine repair, with 60 feet of veranda. Fine spring water at house. Barn 32x46, with cellar and stable in basement. Buildings are almost new and could not be replaced for less than $2,000. This farm is ¼ mile from school and one mile from Shawmut Line and Pennsylvania railroad stations. We offer this farm for only $1,500. Terms one-half cash, mortgage for balance. This farm is especially adapted for dairying, grain and potato raising. Possession at once. Write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.
Send for our Real Estate List.

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain hand top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,
NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

MOVE THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD WITH THE ORIGINAL BEST'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP. BEST FOR A **COUGH**

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$303,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORBES,
JAMES A. McKEAN,
C. D. COMES,
CHARLES McKEAN,
H. H. REDFIELD

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

Absolutely Free to You
A full quart of "Family Favorite"
LAMP OIL

Not a cent. No obligation whatever.
Simply fill out, clip and present the Coupon below to your dealer and he will give you absolutely free one full quart of "Family Favorite" Lamp Oil."

WHY? Simply to prove beyond all doubt, at our own expense, seven things about "Family Favorite" Oil:

1. Perfectly safe—150 degrees fire test.
2. Makes a pure white light with perfect combustion.
3. Burns steadily, evenly and full candle power, to the last drop.
4. Burns without smoke or odor—will not char the wick, smoke the chimney or "smell."
5. Burns lamp out dry with round, flat, large or small burner, with perfect, free feed without moving the wick.
6. That it gives more light with no trouble at the same price as charged for common bulk oils from tank wagons.
7. That—after you have tried and proved "Family Favorite"—it is worth while to insist and see that you get it; that you will take no other no matter what argument is offered; that you have at last found the best lamp oil made—"Family Favorite."

Give it a Fair Trial. Empty lamp—clean burner—use new wick.

If your dealer does not happen to have "Family Favorite" Oil, send this Coupon below (all spaces properly filled out) direct to us and we will get after your dealers.

PLEASE DO THIS. We are absolutely sincere in this Free Offer. We really want you to try "Family Favorite," JUST ONCE ANYWAY, at our expense. Then it's up to the oil itself to prove the truth. Don't feel that we will think you are trying to get "something for nothing." THE OBLIGATION IS OURS. We want you to try "Family Favorite." PLEASE DO IT.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
Pittsburg, Pa.

COUPON.—Before Nov. 1st, 1908, your dealer will exchange for this coupon, absolutely free, one full quart of "Family Favorite" Lamp Oil."

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.,
Independent Refiners, Pittsburg, Pa.
(Write plainly.)

Name.....
P. O. Address.....
.....
Name and Address of your dealer.....
.....
.....
.....

STEP INTO OUR
TAILORING DEPARTMENT

for a few moments, we want to show you what's new in Suitings and Overcoatings. We have many handsome patterns confined to us for this locality. Woolens can't be described on paper, they must be seen to be appreciated.

Our Hobby

is to please you, satisfy you and become your Permanent Tailors.

Suits for Young Men.

Here are the new ideas—Suits of nobby, snappy cloths, square shoulders, and cut just the right length. If you want to know what's going to be wore, come in and take a look at them, it won't cost you anything. Besides we like to show these suits to our young friends.

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Smethport Lyceum.

Friday Evening, October 16

Special
Extraordinary Engagement of the Famous
Herald Square Opera Co.
In the jolly song "cut up"
"A Trip to India,"
An Oriental Musical Gayety

NO moral villian "Little Eva" tears or sighs, heart-aches weeping melancholy spells **BUT** pretty girls, shapely figures graceful dancers catchy songs funny dialogue stunning costumes picturesque scenery

150 Laughs in 150 Minutes

"The Show that makes you forget your Troubles"

Seat Sale at Wells' Drug Store
Prices: $1.00, 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c

Monday Evening, October 19

That happy musical comedy
"Hooligan's Troubles"

PRETTY GIRLS CATCHY MUSIC
LATEST SONGS ARTISTIC DANCES

Don't miss this one

The Biggest Popular Price Musical Comedy on the Road

Remember the Date, Monday, October 19

Prices: 25c, 35c and 50c

Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the *Marlin Model 16* Repeating Shotgun, *the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.*

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the *Marlin Model 16* without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous *Marlin* Model 19, with the *Marlin* solid top, and the *Marlin* closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the *Marlin* side ejection and the beautiful *Marlin* balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. *Have your dealer show it.*

There's a full description of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "*Marlin* Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
32 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

That New Fall Suit will soon be wanted and we are ready to serve you with the *new ones; neat, dressy* and up-to-date.

Ask to seen them and you must admire. Priced to to please you too.

$25.00 to $40.00.

PATRICIAN Shoes for Women

The new Patrician models in fall footwear are ready for your inspection and will more than please you. Perfect fit, longest wear, ease and comfort.

$3.50 and $4.00.

Style No. 31
Gun Metal, Button, Welt Sole. A Shoe for service. $3.50

Style No. 30
Pat. Vamp, Gibson Hand Turned. For dress wear. $4.00

Many other styles in Black, Tan, Brown and Ox Blood, in regular height and the high wave top boots.

DALY & GARLICK

As the hunting season is now open you will need a good Gun, either in a double or single barrel. A little ammunition too. We carry the Winchester shells.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 15, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Vote the straight Republican ticket this fall.

—The open season for killing rabbits begins to-day.

—The new house for M. W. Heinlein is nearly enclosed.

—Landlord T. H. Purtle is quite ill at the Commercial House.

—Miss May Choate entertained a large party of ladies at a rug sewing bee.

—Mr. Monheimer advertises on this page special bargains in boys' suits and shoes.

—The Cut Glass factory is running overtime now to fill orders for the holiday trade.

—A new cement walk has been laid in front of a portion of Dr. H. L. McCoy's property on Church street.

—Mrs. Ralph C. Gleason entertained the Bridge Whist club last evening. The ladies all appeared in fancy dress.

—V. B. Bouton is moving his family from the Ford house, north of this office, to the Armstrong house on Water street.

—Many of our townspeople are grading up to the curb where the paving is finished, giving the street a very neat appearance.

—The members of the Crosby dancing club will give one of their enjoyable dances to-night. Acker's orchestra will furnish music.

—Thomas W. Camp and wife are moving into their new home on Main street which they recently purchased

—The heavy rain of last Saturday put out the forest fires in this section but they apparently have revived again in places.

—Smethport still has sufficient water for ordinary purposes but some of her neighbors are complaining of a scarcity of the commodity.

—The many friends of Joseph Gorton, Jr., who is a clever trombone performer with Gorton's Minstrels, will be pained to learn that this popular young man has left the company and is confined to his home with tuberculosis.

—An issue of $14,000 refunding bonds of the Bolivar Water Co. to be issued Nov. 1st, have all been sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar. This agency makes a specialty of high class bonds and mortgages for investment purposes.

—There will be confirmation at St. Elizabeth's church on Monday afternoon next at 4 o'clock. Classes from Clermont and Mt. Alton will be confirmed with those of this parish and it is expected that the whole class will number about 50.

—John Bloomster purchased a house and lot of B. D. Allen in Crosby yesterday, it being the house nearly opposite his son's store in that place. Mr. Bloomster does not intend moving from his farm near Kasson but will rent the house to his son.

—Rev. J. F. Dugan has commenced preaching a series of evening sermons at St. Elizabeth's church on "True Men as We Need Them," which will run through the winter. The subject for next Sunday evening is "The Ideal Home," beginning at 7:45.

—Preaching services at the Baptist church next Sunday by the Rev. E. N. Turner at 10:45 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. and prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Subject for morning, "The changed creature," evening, "The heart." You are cordially invited to be present.

—Crosby grange entertained several of the members of Smethport grange in a most delightful manner last Wednesday evening. Those who were fortunate enough to be present are loud in their praise of the hospitality of Crosby grange on this occasion.

—The Chicago National baseball club won the world's championship for the second time by defeating Detroit, champions of the American league, in the post season series closed yesterday. The Chicago team as a baseball aggregation is in a class by itself. Detroit only won one game in the series.

—Gorton's Minstrels were the attraction at the Lyceum Monday evening and drew a fair-sized house. The company always has a good show and this was no exception. Welby and Pearl appear to be just as active as ever in their dance acts although they have been in the game upwards of a quarter of a century.

—The new organist at St. Luke's church, Miss Goshorn, began her work last Sunday. The choir will have regular rehearsals at 8 p. m. on Fridays. There is good material for an excellent choir and united and faithful work under the able direction of the choir-master, Dr. H. L. McCoy, the music at St. Luke's will be greatly advanced and much new music added during the winter. A prompt attendance of all choir members is asked for the rehearsal next Friday evening.

—Three blocks of pavement have been opened to the public during the past week and three more will be opened in a few days. The six blocks between Mechanic and Washington streets have been completed and it is understood that two more, one east and the other west, will be completed this fall before work is stopped for the winter. This will give us a half mile of excellent pavement and early next summer we expect to see the other half mile completed. When this is done Smethport will have one of the prettiest and best paved streets in this state.

—A petition has been circulated among the residents of South Main street to cut that section off the borough from the north end of F. M. Rockwell's land. This section includes the farms of F. M. Rockwell, C. Shary, J. S. Cotton and F. M. Wright, occupying practically all of the east side of the street. The west side includes residents whose lots are narrow, between the Main road and the railroad, and lowlands west of the railroad. The petition first circulated was signed by about all of the taxpayers residing in the district in question, but it will be necessary to have a majority of all of the property owners of the borough sign it before the division can be made. The first petition was not correctly drawn up and another is being prepared.—Eldred Eagle.

—Monday evening, shortly after the supper hour, several young boys were indulging in the pastime of annoying Max Schoolar, one of our clothing merchants. Finally Max came rushing out of his store and caught Herman Young. The 12-year-old son of Mrs. W. A. Young, who was passing the store at that time. He threw the boy face downward on the cement walk, terribly bruising his face and loosening several teeth. The boy was almost unconscious when he was picked up by others who saw the shameful assault. Schoolar was placed under arrest and given a hearing before Justice Gleason. Here it developed that Herman had taken no part in annoying Schoolar and was merely passing the store. Schoolar was held to court in the sum of $200 bail which was furnished.

—After making every preparation for his own funeral Earnest Girard, proprietor of a small wine cellar in New York city, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. The body was discovered hidden in a clump of bushes in Central Park. In the pocket of the dead man was a certified check for $150, drawn to the order of a burial establishment. It appears that Girard visited this establishment recently and concluded arrangements for the interment of "a friend." On leaving his shop he posted a notice in the window that the place would remain closed for the day, owing to "a death in the family." Ill health is given as the motive of the suicide. Before taking his life Girard assembled three friends and in their company partook of a generous dinner at one of the large uptown hotels. Upon leaving he made an appointment to meet them, giving as a place of rendezvous an address which they subsequently discovered was the undertaker's establishment to which he had ordered his body removed. He was a practical joker, but knew something about dramatic effects.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 10, 1908:

W. D. Cutlar, G. Crandell, Miss Cora Devoe, Wm. M. Mahaffey, William Parker, S. P. Rickard, Maize Sutter (2), Mrs. Bert Titus (2).

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Burns, bruises and big scratches, big and little cuts or in fact anything requiring any salve, are best and quickest soothed and healed by DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. The best salve for piles. Be sure to get DeWitt's. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, sure, safe pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

Hon. J. W. Bouton had business in Bradford Monday.

W. D. Morey was a business visitor at Newton on Wednesday.

Miss Mayte Connolly was the guest of friends in Kane over Sunday.

Mrs. W. D. Morey left Wednesday for a visit with relatives at Bradford.

John Bloomster of Kasson was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence was the guest of Olean friends from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. H. H. Rodfield and Mrs. E. T. Newman were in Buffalo the first of the week.

Mrs. Thresa Oviatt and Miss Tillie Bonson of Colegrove were in town the first of the week.

Miss Bessie Rood, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. L. Backus, left Monday for Syracuse, N. Y.

Miss Minnie Hibbard of Mt. Jewett was calling on her numerous friends in this place the first of the week.

Miss Mary Selover who has been the guest of Mrs. O. J. Hamlin for the summer, left for her home in Auburn Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. D. Watkins and children of St. Marys are visiting Mrs. Watkins' parents, Col. and Mrs. B. F. Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Morrison and son passed Sunday with Mrs. Morrison's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Davis of Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Colegrove who have been in Washington, D. C., for the past few weeks returned home Thursday evening last.

Miss Gladys Hegtley of Washington, D. C., who has been the guest of Miss Mayme Colegrove, returned to her home Tuesday morning.

Al Hulett and F. B. Grantier of Crosby were visitors in town Monday evening and installed officers in the local Red Men's lodge.

Hon. James A. McKean, F. D. Gallup and B. F. Stuesky attended the Republican mass meeting which was held in Kane Monday evening.

Hands cracked and bruised from husking, skin diseases, tan freckles, cuts relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized (acts like a poultice). Draws out inflammation. Price 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is recommended as the best thing to use for piles. It is of course good for anything where a salve is needed. Beware of imitations. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

To let—eight room house, furnished or unfurnished. Mrs. M. A. Klapp, King street. 2t

Sole Agents for

Thornton & Chester's Best Flour

Oscar Engstrom.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

OUR BOYS

need clothes and other wearables.

We've got 'em!!

You'd be surprised what a good suit you could get here at $3.00, $3.50 and up to $6.00. Ours are real good suits made of honest material. Also good Shoes, Caps, Sweaters and everything else a boy wears. For the next 2 weeks we offer you boys' Shoes for $1.25 and $1.50 they were $1.75 and $2.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Furs for 1908-9

The new Fur Styles are ready for you to-day. Skins employed are much the same as last season, with Lynx, Poney and Squirrel increasing in favor.

The large Rug Muff we are sure will please you, being both attractive and comfortable.

The Louis XIV Ruff is a style fresh from Paris and is creating much interest and favorable comment.

Louis XIV Ruff

There isn't much use trying to describe our stock, you'll have to see them and try them on to appreciate this opportunity to purchase reliable furs at low prices.

Scarfs, $1.50 to $37.50
Muffs, $2.75 to $18.00
Coats, $25.00 to $75.00

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT, PENN'A.

PRICES RIGHT!

—ON OUR—

Bacon and Hams. Also Summer Sausage, Dried Beef, Corned Beef and Roast Beef.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

COFFEE'S.

Java,	35c lb	Mocha & Java,	35c lb
White House,	35c lb	Veteran Brand,	30c lb
Our Own Blend,	28c lb	Brighton Blend,	25c lb
Blue Ribbon,	25c lb	Faxon's Brand,	25c lb
Admiral,	22c lb	Rio,	20c lb
Arbuckles,	18c lb		

—AT—

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family receipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

Matchmaking Billy Judson.

By JENNIE TUDEUM LEE.

Copyrighted, 1905, by Associated Literary Press.

"You see, Cora, you're my sister, and I can confide in you," announced Edith Fitch as she nestled closer in the hollow of the armchair. "Then, too, you're married and you know the signs."

Mrs. Bennington smiled at her pretty sister and made no contradictory reply.

"I am sure he loves me—but, oh, dear, why doesn't he tell me so?" continued Edith petulantly. "But there's no use beating about the bush, Cora. What I want to know is how ever did you make Carl propose?"

"Make him!" echoed the justly indignant Mrs. Bennington. "My dear sis, I couldn't stop him. For two whole years when I would feel it in my bones that the proposal was on his lips I would change the subject, but finally he asked me and just kept on asking until I said 'Yes'—well—well—oh, just to get rid of him." And Mrs. Bennington blushed at her own untruthfulness.

"I might have known that I could get no consolation from you, Cora," declared Edith. "You and Carl are so beastly happy that you don't bother about rank outsiders." And she gathered up her belongings and departed.

Alone in the privacy of her own room Edith sighed and sighed as only a girl very much in love can do. She grew restless and finally wandered downstairs into the library. Looking over the shelves she finally discovered the book for which she was searching.

Once more she returned to her room and was soon lost in the leaves of "Love Affairs of Great Men." Yet

"WHY ARE YOU SO SNAPPY TONIGHT?"

when her mother called her to luncheon she had not yet solved the problem.

"Mother," began Edith as the maid brought in the bouillon, "how did you make father propose to you?"

After all, mothers are the ones who always do solve our problems, and as Edith leaned back in her chair she somehow felt that help would be forthcoming.

Mrs. Fitch smiled softly.

"Your father first asked me to marry him when I was seven and he was nine," she replied. "Of course I accepted him then and there. The second time he asked me I was fifteen, but with age had come ambitions, and I laughed at him. And the rest of the times"—

"How many times were there?" cried Edith.

"Oh, innumerable," announced Mrs. Fitch, "and they just kept up until we were finally married."

Edith thought the lunch most unappetizing and returned to finish her book after the meal was over. That evening the Wilsons were giving a large dance, and Edith took a beauty nap to prepare for it. Shortly at 9 o'clock Donald Lipton drove up to the house, and together he and Edith went to the dance.

It was a happy evening, for Donald was all devotion, and Edith was radiant in her excitement. At least if Donald did not want her for his wife he gave in outward and visible signs of wanting any other girl, and that was some comfort. Once or twice it seemed as if he surely would say the words the girl so longed to hear.

"Edith," Donald announced as they had just finished a waltz, "you're lovelier than ever tonight. No man could resist you."

"I know one who does," boldly announced Edith.

"Name him, and I'll have his life's blood," cried Donald, with quick severity.

"Oh, you wouldn't commit suicide, would you?" he queried Edith.

"Donald Lipton," interrupted the hostess, "what do you mean by forgetting your dances? Dolly Grigsby is over there waiting for you." As Donald disappeared to keep his engagement she turned to Edith. "Really, Edith, that man is so in love with you that he forgets all his training up."

As Edith sat toasting her tired little feet before the radiator that night after the dance was over and she was preparing for bed she sighed again, but somehow it was a different sigh from those of the morning. It seemed to be a sigh of hope rather than despair.

Several evenings after the dance the maid announced "Mr. Lipton," and Edith kept him waiting just a minute for discipline. When she entered the parlor she could see that Donald was plainly not in good humor. His greeting held little of his customary exuberance.

"Good evening, Miss Fitch," he said rather curtly.

Edith's eyes danced. Whatever it meant, to others, to her it seemed a good sign.

"Hello, Donald," Edith answered. "Do take the cozy chair that you like so well."

"I'm only going to stay a minute," announced Donald.

"You don't mean to say you came way uptown this rainy night just to stay a minute. Why didn't you telephone if you only wanted to give me a message?" suggested Edith.

"I wanted to return something," answered Donald. "Do you happen to have missed anything lately?"

"Nothing except that locket I lost the night of the Wilson dance," Edith informed him. "And I've given up all hopes of ever seeing that again."

"Well, here is your locket," said Donald as he handed the trinket to her. "And I must tell you that when it was returned to me it was open, and I saw the picture inside."

Edith ignored this bit of information and seemed lost in the joy of having the locket back once more.

"Whereon did you find it?" she cried as she opened it and looked at the handsome youth inside.

The cabman found it when he was brushing out his cab and was only able to trace me today. I must be going now. I have a date at the club."

"But, Donald," demurred Edith in a temptingly sweet tone, "why are you so snappy tonight?"

"Edith, do you know what the finding of that locket means to me?"

"Why, no, of course not," declared Edith. "Surely you have no sentiment for the locket."

"No, but I did have for you," murmured Donald, "and finding the locket that you wear about your neck with the face of another man in it seems that every hope I ever had is blasted, every dream is false, every incentive in life is worthless, every"—

"Why, Don, you don't mean that"—

"That I love you," finished Lipton. "Why look surprised, Edith? You know it as well as I do. A man doesn't follow in a girl's trail as I have in yours for two years for nothing. You know that I love you better than anything else, everything in life."

"But you never told me so," whispered Edith.

Donald had her tightly in his arms.

"Never told you so!" he replied. "Why, I thought the whole world knew it." Then, looking down at her closely, he asked, "Who's the man in the locket?"

"Let me go and I'll 'fess up," begged Edith; but being a good business man, Lipton argued that possession was nine points of the law.

"Well, I was reading the 'Love Affairs of Great Men' the other day, and the Princess Something-or-other was in love with the King of some place, and she wanted to find out if he loved her. So she put the picture of the Prince of Somewhere-else in her locket and dropped it where the king would find it. Then made him jealous, and then she knew that he loved her. So I took a picture of my cousin, Billy Judson, out of the family album and put it in my pocket and—and—that's all, finished Edith lamely.

"Well, Billy Judson should be rewarded," said Lipton between the hearty laughs that followed this explanation. "We'll have him for best man and give him a standing invitation for dining every Saturday night."

Diplomacy.

The two were dining with an exquisite who was deep in the occult, according to his own idea. When he had discussed things past, present and future in the occult line he paused impressively and said with a frown:

"Now, think of a color, one of you, and I will call its name. I'm pretty good at that."

The first of the women thought deeply while he imbedded his finger in his brow and also thought. Presently he said aloud:

"Red!"

She shook her head.

"No," she said, "it wasn't. It was blue."

He appealed to the second, with a disappointed air, but not wholly crestfallen.

"You think of a color," said he.

Again he dug a hole in his forehead. She thought. Then he said forcibly so that all the other people could hear him:

"Green!"

She smiled and nodded so that all the other people could see her.

"That's right," said she quite loud, at which the occultist smiled, "well please I.

By and by he excused himself for a moment and went across the garden to speak with a friend.

"How strange it was," mused the first woman, "that he should have guessed your color and not mine."

The second quietly munched an olive.

"He didn't guess mine," said she, "but, my goodness, isn't he paying for our dinner?" New York Press.

The Wrong Key.

Mrs. O'Rourke put her head in the door of the window—Shure an' why don't yez come in? Haven't yez got a key? Mr. O'Rourke (loudly)—I know that, but it's a night key. You'll have to throw me down a day key.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup is used nearly everywhere, because it not only heals irritation of the throat and stops the cough, but it drives the cold out of the system through its laxative principle by exerting a free and gentle action on the bowels, and that is the way to cure a cold. You can't cure it as long as you are constipated. Insist upon Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by D. K. Hogarth.

HINTS FOR FARMERS

French Gardening.

Owing to competition of the industrious and skillful French gardeners vegetables are sold at lower prices in Paris than in most European cities and the surplus is shipped profitably to London and to large markets in continental Europe, even as far as St. Petersburg says American Cultivator.

The system of French gardening produces such results that a family may live comfortably on the product of one and a half to two acres. Careful preparation of the soil is the foundation. In starting a new garden the French gardener takes out the top soil and mixes and remixes it with manure. A fine surface of this mixed manure and soil is spread over a thick layer of manure, thus making a kind of hotbed, the heat from which produces the growth of vegetables in winter and early spring. The manure used is a mixture of dry material and fresh manure.

The vegetables are grown under bell jars or large glass frames. Plenty of water is used, the gardens being provided with motor pumps and a system of hose connected with underground pipes.

Crude Oil as a Disinfectant.

Some time ago we ordered a barrel of crude petroleum principally for the hogs, writes H. L. Dean in National Stockman. We have tried it in a number of ways. As a disinfectant it excels the refined product in the point of not evaporating so quickly, but being thicker it is not so easy to apply. It does not work well in the small sprinkling can. It somewhat disfigures the appearance of a hog for a week or two if he be light colored. Yet it does not burn the skin as kerosene sometimes does. It is excellent about the poultry house, especially when painted on the roosting poles. We believe the crude oil is a good tonic for the hogs, as we noted after sprinkling a few spoonfuls on the corn. On the whole, I do not regard crude oil as indispensable or superior to other disinfectants.

Calves In Winter.

The calves should by all means have a comfortable winter shed. The shed need not be expensive, but should be roomy and well ventilated, well drained and dry, says Farmers Advocate. A dirt floor with a good slope is as good as is needed. The floor should be well bedded with wheat straw, which is the best absorbent obtainable on the Kansas farm. The manure should be removed often and the floor kept sweet. The sheds should be well lighted, and a south front is best. A south slope is the ideal location. Close the shed on the north entirely, but have either a big window on the south or the shed partly open. Let the calf's bed be dry. He can stand a good deal of cold if he is kept dry.

Feeding the Work Horse.

Do not overlook the necessity of varying the ration of the work horse, says Farmers Advocate. There are farmers who feed their horses ten or twelve ears of corn three times a day, together with cut hay and pasture age, and they seem to do fairly well, but the horse requires a balanced ration, as does the man in the field or the dairy cow. Like the horse gets the best pasture he will not obtain any clover himself and hence producing feed. The horse should have some bran, oats and alfalfa hay. These are the common feeds of the farm from which the horse can be supplied with bone and muscle. These will make fairly healthy, which is nothing worthy of consideration.

Corn For Poultry.

Several investigators at experiment stations in poultry feeding experiments to determine the relative feeding value of wheat and corn were much surprised to find, when their annual summary was made, that the heavily corn fed hens laid not only a greater number of eggs than those fed heavily on wheat, but that the eggs were larger and heavier and the hens were in much better condition at the end of the test. This experiment has been repeated many times, but the experiment was not needed to prove to practical men that corn, meaning good, sound, hard yellow Indian corn, is a particularly valuable feeding grain for fowls.—Poultry Journal.

Corn as a Forage Crop.

Experiments with corn have not shown it to be one of the best crops for pasturage for dairy stock. It furnishes pasturage earlier than sorghum and may be used before that crop is available and after rye or oats and peas are gone. It does not spring up rapidly after being eaten down. It is drilled in with a press drill as early in the spring as is safe, using two bushels of seed per acre. It should be allowed to grow eighteen inches or two feet high before being pastured. There is always considerable loss from trampling. For winter roughness corn is not so good as some of the other crops.—Nebraska Station Bulletin.

A Curse to Agriculture.

From time immemorial there has been a mania among farmers to farm more land. The idea has prevailed that to be successful one must own large areas of land. Until recently it has not occurred to the farmer that a few acres well tilled will produce more than double the amount poorly cultivated or cared for. There is no one kind of farming that requires much land in order to attain success. In order to [illegible] with this it is possible to so handle our pasture land and meadows that 100 acres will produce from twice to four times as much as many now do. —W. M. Zinn in National Stockman.

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

THE WOOING OF ROSYBEL.

By KATHARINE K. CROSBY.

Copyrighted, 1905, by Associated Literary Press.

Farmer John considered him a most ungodly young man and forbade him to enter the yard. He also forbade his daughter, Rosybel, to leave the yard, except on Sundays, when she could go to church under his eagle eye.

It may be that Farmer John's ideals were rather exacting. Rosybel thought them so anyway. To her there was nothing absolutely wicked about a pipe of tobacco, especially if the pipe were of the rakish type affected by young men who had been to college.

Dick Melton had been to college. Indeed his A. B. was barely a fortnight old. Now he was touring the country, after a fashion all his own—in the search of amusement.

He told his father that he wanted to see something of life before entering upon that glorious political career which his doting parent saw stretching before his eldest born.

Now, touring suggests a gay and festive motor car, all red enamel and sterling brass work, but Dick had eschewed such vanities as all too commonplace. He was touring in a hayrack.

Besides Dick there was in the hayrack a variety of commodities—a pile of boards—[illegible] assorted, signs, for instance; a couple of canvas contraptions which when you gave them a chance evolved into a cot bed and a lounging chair; a nickel plated pail, which could be transformed by some miracle into a complete cooking dish outfit; a small table and, most important of all, a cornet organ of the sort carried about by wandering evangelists.

When Farmer John issued his edict that the young man who had dropped into church from nowhere at all and walked home from the meeting with his daughter Rosybel should not enter his premises on pain of death via buildog Tawser, Dick was rather pleased than otherwise.

His vacation bade fair to furnish more entertainment than he had anticipated. Moreover, he was really very much taken with Rosybel, who was not only the prettiest girl whom he had met with in his travels, but was also blessed with a sense of humor. This is an admirable combination, hard to resist.

The afore mentioned edict was promulgated on Sunday evening, when Dick began preaching hitherto to see Rosybel twice from meeting. On Monday forenoon the hayrack drove into the field which was bordered in part by the neat white palings of Farmer John's bodyguard force.

The dog did not belong to Farmer John, but was the property of Dick. In the shade of a big oak tree the young man presided over the [illegible] which he had taken from the barnyard.

It chanced that Rosybel's garden had also spoke to weeds one sunday, and the hoe at first to spend available time out there on Monday morning in consequence.

As the gardens were between the house and the pasture a goat of the fence where, the latter could stand she could not help noticing what the young man was [illegible] of the time he was [illegible] Dick [illegible] Rosybel [illegible] Dick [illegible] a stool on a table which formed the slab for father did not hear, for he always went to [illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] Dick [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ENOUGH

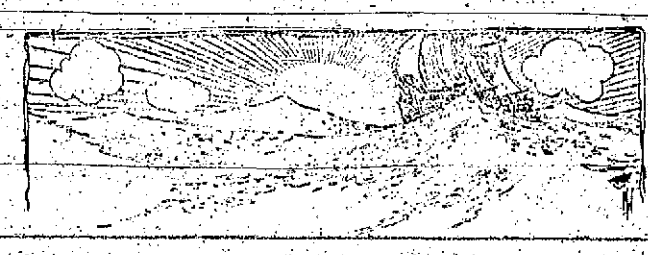
Byron Williams.

You ask me what is love, my dear?
I do not know.
I only know I love you!
I cannot tell you why in words—
One cannot speak the song of birds!
The painter cannot paint perfume—
He only imitates the bloom!
Ah, love is something of the heart
That baffles tongue, or brush, or art!
I do not know!

I do not know what love can be,
I cannot tell.
I only know I love you!
I simply know that love is fair,
That YOU are love beyond compare!

That you are you, that love is sweet
And naught without you is complete!
I do not know what subtle bliss
Brewed such a nectar as thy kiss!
I cannot tell!

I do not hope to analyze,
I know not how!
I do not care, I love you!
'T is quite enough to know that we
Can hear the birds; that we can see
The sunset on yon lofty hill;
And scent the perfume as we will!
'T is surely Paradise enow,
That we can love—and love is now!—
And know not why!



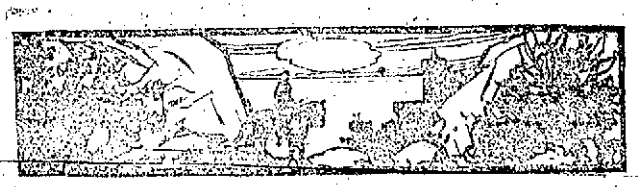
SUPPOSE

Byron Williams.

Suppose that you and I, my dear,
Just pluck the blossoms as we go;
Just idle down the rosy ways
And cull the flowers as they blow!
And on the turnpike as we plod
Toward the duties that are ours,
Suppose we look for things that cheer
And help us through the working hours!

I know the briars lean across
The paths we two must tread today.
But if we turn them softly back
And list the lark's sweet roundelay,
I think that life will be worth while,
And by our paths, all wet with dew,
Will bloom the fragrant buds of peace—
By far more happiness than rue!

Why should we stumble o'er the stone
And bruise our feet upon the clod—
When off the path is velvet grass
And verdure fashioned by our God?
So let us wander where the way
Is tinged with violet and rose,
And close our eyes to blighting things
That flourish where the thistle grows!



Subscribe for the MINER

Ransoming Fancy.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"Love me, love my dog," was a sentiment of which Miss Thayer entirely approved, though she had no reason to insist that Paul Nisbit follow the rule, for he loved Ida Thayer, dogs in general, his own brindle bull in particular and Miss Thayer's Boston terrier but little less.

Fancy, the terrier, had been his first gift to Ida, and Paul believed that it constituted the strongest tie between them, for in dogs they had found a common bond of sympathy.

This Nisbit had industriously sought to strengthen, with no small results, though he had not yet dared to put his fate to the test and possibly lose through precipitancy all he had gained.

That Ida Thayer liked the friendly, clean cut young man was evident, but

A TROUBLED FROWN CAUGHT BY THE BOOMED JET.

friendliness is not love, so Paul waited for the opportunity that should show him more clearly where he stood.

And so it was that again tightened the bonds. The hydrophobia scare struck Wellington, and the edict went forth that all dogs must be muzzled, while the local papers dilated on the danger that threatened and called upon all lovers of unmuzzled canines to destroy their pets before the town should gain an unpleasant notoriety through an epidemic of rabies.

Nisbit, coming up the walk to the Thayer home with the latest ditty in his pocket, found Ida dissolved in tears.

"Take that horrid paper away," she cried as she saw what he carried. "I wouldn't mind muzzling Fancy, but the idea of killing her! And father believes that horrid stuff, and he's—he's going to have Fancy chloroformed tomorrow."

"Poor little Fancy!" said Paul as he stooped to pat the dog's head and wished instead that he might rest his hand upon the golden strands which crowned the shapely head of Fancy's mistress.

"Of course," he continued, "if we are threatened with an epidemic of rabies it is well to take every precaution, at the same time to kill all dogs because one of them might go mad is as absurd as to want to kill all human beings because some men are afflicted with a mania for murder. I am going to take Sir Herbert out to the Oaks this evening. What do you say to an abduction?"

"Mr. Nisbit!" Ida's voice startled him. He had never heard her speak in that tone before. Anger and surprise were mingled in her voice, and with a sinking heart Paul realized that she had misunderstood him.

"I didn't mean to abduct you," he cried. "It was Fancy I was thinking of. If Fancy should be sitting on the lawn this evening and a long, low, rakish car should happen along, and if, after the dust died down, it should be found that she had disappeared, don't you think that would be better than chloroform? Out at the farm there will be no stray curs to carry infection, and she and Sir Herbert could have a glorious time with the run of the grounds under Chester's watchful eye. He loves dogs as well as I do."

In her eagerness to atone for her misunderstanding Ida caught Paul's hand impulsively.

"You are so good!" she cried. Then she realized that she was holding his hand and reddened as her fingers unclasped their grip. "I am so worried I don't think I know what I am doing today," she continued. "I could think of no way of saving poor Fancy, and it seemed so wicked to kill the poor little thing."

"Then it is settled?" he cried. "The piratical auto will be along after supper. Don't you want to go, too, and see what fine quarters she will have? It's a splendid run, and there will be a moon tonight. Of course if you don't want to turn kidnaper—"

"But I do," cried Ida, "when it is Fancy who is being kidnaped. I know that when this absurd scare is over father will be only too glad to find that Fancy is still alive. He liked her until the papers commenced to print these horrid things. I don't suppose that it is really thwarting father's wishes."

"You're merely assistant kidnaper," explained Paul. "The principal is responsible for the acts of his agents. The responsibility is all mine."

As the summer twilight faded into dusk Paul's racing car puffed noisily into the Thayer driveway, and a gaily clad figure sprang up the steps and caught up the doomed pet. Then he gave Ida the leaders of the two dogs and the car recommenced its noisy pulling. In a dash they were in the street again.

It was a delightful run out to the farm, which was Paul's hobby, and when Ida saw the two new kennels that had been built in compliance with Paul's telephone message to his superintendent she went into ecstasies.

They were side by side fronting a great lawn in the center of which was an artificial lake fed by a brook. It was an ideal place for a summer playground, and it was not long before Fancy was chasing Sir Herbert over the grass and making herself at home generally.

"The gate is always closed," explained the superintendent. "There is no chance of a visit from a rabid cur, and the grass and water will do them a world of good."

"I wish I could stay here, too," exclaimed Ida, with a sigh, as she gave Fancy a final petting and prepared to follow Paul to the car.

"I'll bring you—not whenever you want to see Fancy," he promised. "We'll come every day if you wish."

"I should like to come tomorrow," assented Ida, "to see how our victims are getting along. Our abduction is successfully accomplished."

"That shows you how much of a novice you are," retorted Paul as the car started. "The abduction is not a success until the victim is restored to an anxious family and the ransom has been paid. This is only the first chapter."

"And the second is the homecoming."

"That's the third," corrected Paul. "The second has to do with the ransom."

"And does Fancy have to be ransomed?"

"Why else should we abduct her?" demanded the head of the expedition. "Of course she must be ransomed. It's a very heavy ransom, too," he added. "I am half afraid that it will be regarded as too much."

Ida's eyes fell beneath his ardent gaze.

"I value Fancy very highly," she said softly. "What is the demand to be, Paul? I want to know the terms."

"We should walk until the craze dies down," said Paul uncertainly. "That would be the proper way, but the craze will not be over until cold weather, and I thought perhaps I might collect in advance. It is a little unusual, but, then, this is an unusual abduction, and I don't want to be sending one of Fancy's ears to the owner as a warning to be prompt."

"Please don't," cried Ida, with a little shudder. "Name your ransom."

For reply Paul caught the little hand that rested on the arm of the seat. There was just a momentary resistance. Then it rested quietly in his own. The ransom had been paid.

She Saw.

When the Lawtons had lived in Willow Park about a month they were invited to a succession of little dinners at the houses of their new neighbors. Mr. Lawton was on a dyspeptic's diet, and Mrs. Lawton was endeavoring to reduce her weight. "I suppose we will have to eat all sorts of things we don't wish to, else seem rude," said Mrs. Lawton mournfully as they set out for the first dinner. To their growing surprise the bills of fare placed before them at the dinners, although not remarkably varied, were all composed of such dishes as they could both enjoy. "I don't see how you all hit on just the right things when Mr. Lawton and I really are such difficult guests," said Mrs. Lawton in a burst of confidence one afternoon when the neighbors were taking tea with her. The ladies looked at each other, says Youth's Companion, and then one of them spoke: "You know Mary Sloan, who comes to wash for you Tuesday mornings?" she said. "Well, I have her Mondays, and Mrs. Green has her Wednesdays, and she irons for—Mrs. Porter Thursdays, and scrubs for Miss Comby Fridays, so you see"— Her voice trailed off into silence. But Mrs. Lawton no longer wondered. She saw.

A Girl Queen's Tact.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne it was considered no reproach for men to drink themselves senseless after dinner. Noblemen of the highest rank joining the ladies after dinner in a state of semi-intoxication apparently created no disgust, and the habit of heavy drinking continued. Frank Hird in "Victoria, the Woman," says that the queen herself cured it, at least so far as the court was concerned.

Girl though she was, Victoria set her face against the practice in this manner. She became her own mistress and expressed her displeasure at such vulgarity and skill.

When she went to the drawing room with the ladies after dinner she remained standing until the gentlemen came into the room. The knowledge that her shapely legs were standing until the gentlemen left the table made it impossible for them to stay behind longer than the few minutes necessary for the drinking of coffee.

This quiet but significant action of the girl queen had a most beneficial result, and by the time she married society was already beginning to look askance at "one bottle" and "two bottle" men.

What He Did With Himself.

By ELLIOT WALKER.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Forrest surveyed the luxurious furnishings of his apartment with a scowl and a weary sigh.

"What shall I do with myself today?" he said aloud. "Money to burn, and I'm sick of all it seems to bring a fellow. Oh, it was great in the beginning to be taken up, petted, showered with invitations, made much of by the society crowd! There's Carl Forrest. His uncle left him a big pile. Ring him in, I declare, I'd like to play poor for awhile—old clothes and a stick, a wanderer among simple folk, just to find some one who would care for me for myself alone. Why not?"

He laughed thoughtfully, repeating "Why not?" as his steps took him near a closet.

"I guess a few of my ancient duds were packed in that old trunk," he said and opened the door to fall upon his knees and eagerly to claw over a heap of worn garments not thought of for five years.

His fingers dwelt affectionately on a wrinkled suit, on a shabby cap. "I had good times in these," he uttered. "No harm to see how I used to look. Put 'em on, Carl, and feel easy."

His handsome eyes lighted as he attired his tall, graceful figure in the castoff apparel. Reminiscence was in him. Inspiration seized him. "Clothes make the man," he sniffed. "Gracious, I feel like a kid going a-fishing!"

An hour later Carl was merrily tramping along a rural highway. The sun shone for him, the birds warbled, the hills sparkled, the leaves rustled, the breezes fanned—all for him in his masquerading. He whistled, he sang, pedaling the dust with a stick cut in a thicket.

In the old clothes the man's limbs swung easily. Little cared he for the

THE MAN LOST HIMSELF IN THE TELLING, ALMOST FORGETTING TO EAT.

stains of grass and earth when he drank from wayside springs and rolled boylike among the ferns.

Time slipped by as on he strolled, exploring attractive spots. The sun grew hot. It must be after noon. Suddenly he became aware of a sharp desire to eat. Now for a house. Would they set a dog on him?

The girl answering his knock at the back door of the farmhouse stared at the young man with an amused, happy face. Her gaze wandered over his poor attire and dwelt upon his hands.

Then he looked full in the twinkling eyes, admiring her fresh, youthful beauty with no trace of impertinence. A deep blush further crimsoned her round cheeks. He also began to show traces of embarrassment. Carl saw that woman's instinct was penetrating his disguise.

"I'm not exactly a tramp," he said, biting his lip, "but I'm hungry. I can pay."

"We don't feed 'tramps,'" came her reply. "My father doesn't allow it. And we don't take money from a poor man who is out of luck and asks for a bite. There are many such who are not tramps. I'll get you something, I suppose."

"Please," interrupting the low, full voice.

"There, I—I mean lady. Put it away out of sight. Lady? I haven't known what to do."

"I'll get you something," hesitatingly.

"I know," she corrected. "Times are hard. At what do you work when busy?"

Forrest glanced at his well shoes. Surely this little country maiden used good language. He racked his brain for an answer. Somehow he wanted her good opinion.

"I—I've been a companion," he replied slowly. "I've traveled with other people. It hasn't been much of a success. I don't seem to strike the right ones."

"Oh, yes! Such an occupation must be full of exactions, particularly for a—a gentleman! But I'm forgetting your lunch. I saw you weren't in the manual labor class. Will you come in or sit here?"

"If you don't mind, I'll eat under that apple tree. It's shady there, and the air is fine. I can't get enough of it."

"All right." She disappeared, and Carl betook himself to the nearby tree.

"Bless my soul!" he thought, stretching comfortably. "I need air. My little hostess in calico beats the whole bunch of frills and gossip so sensible, so innocent and as sweet as a dew kissed rosebud. Thinks I'm a gentleman, eh! Well, I'm glad I washed my face and hands at that brook. I'll try to see more of her."

Into the kitchen Hilda Brentwood hurried.

"Father is working just behind the barn, and I'm not a bit afraid to sit by my gentleman while he eats," she reflected. "Perhaps he will like company, and if he has traveled I'd like to hear about things and places I have so longed to see and visit. I don't care. I'll ask questions and learn. What harm can it do? I know he's a gentleman, poor fellow. There! I guess this tray will keep him busy."

Going out to Forrest she made a picture. The man closed his eyes for a moment. It would deepen the impression. A thrill stirred his pulses when she seated herself, her eyes bright with quiet excitement and anticipation.

Yes, Carl could talk and eat at the same time. Oh, yes, Rome, Paris, London, the Yellowstone—he was familiar with them. Miss—oh—ah—Brentwood—thanks—interested? His name was Forrest. Well, now at Naples two years ago—

The girl sat entranced, clasping her hands, drinking in every word as he talked. The man lost himself in the telling, almost forgetting to eat. This was worth while. When had he enjoyed such a listener?

Once absently he touched her fingers. It was like an electric shock to both. They started; a glance shot between them; the blood ran in their cheeks; the man coughed a "Pardon me" and for a moment could not go on.

Finally he rose. Hilda's eyes held him. They were dreamy and sweet. Her lips parted like a child's.

"My," she uttered, "I should love to be a companion!"

Carl steadied his voice, laughing slightly.

"I've done me a world of good," he said. "I thank you for everything. Money I can't offer." It would seem an insult. "But I have some trifles picked up abroad. These walks do me good. I want to give you some remembrance. May I come again? I should like to meet your father."

"He is back of the barn," said Hilda. "Oh, do come again! I want to hear more." She held out her hand. Carl pressed it hastily and started for the barn.

What he said to Jonathan Brentwood will never be known to others, but twice a week for a month Forrest tramped over to the farm in his unsightly clothes, and the old man made no objection.

One evening the moonlight sparkled through the branches of the apple tree. It twinkled on two heads. The fair, wavy hair of one lay upon a man's breast, and the man's lips rested upon the soft locks. He was whispering a story of love and old clothes and beautiful faroff lands soon to be enjoyed with a dear companion who had brought to him peace and a new outlook upon life.

But the girl who had loved him in that first day only nestled closer without reply. She was too happy to think connectedly. Of course it would be very delightful to have money and to travel, but to her at the moment the strong heart beating beneath the antiquated coat throbbed a song in her ear which satisfied her dreams. All the rest was as nothing.

The Crumbled Tombstone.

When the young wife from up state grew reminiscent as frequently happened, she told her husband about that wonderful tombstone in the village cemetery whereon were recorded the manifold deeds and virtues of her maternal grandfather, not long deceased. On the occasion of the husband's first visit to his wife's old home he was straightway conducted to the cemetery to see grandfather's tombstone. To the wife's dismay the stone had crumbled away until the inscription was entirely illegible.

"I can't understand it," she sobbed. "Here are Josh Stones five times as old as grandfather's standing just as good as new, while his has gone all to pieces."

"I guess," said the husband unfeelingly, "that it couldn't stand it to tell those whoppers about grandfather any longer and so crumbled away for very shame."—New York Globe.

The Intelligent Jury.

We are justly proud of our jury system, but the twelve "good men and true" are not always the wisest of mankind. At a recent session a prisoner was indicted for pocket picking, and in most people in court the clearest possible case was made out by the prosecution.

"Have you anything you would like to tell the jury before they retire?" said the judge.

"Well, all I wanter say is, I hopes as how they'll give me the benefit of the doubt," replied the prisoner despondently.

The jury considered their verdict; they were no little time over it.

"Can I assist you in any way, gentlemen?" said the judge, at last becoming impatient.

"We are almost agreed, me lud," said the foreman, "but we can't quite understand what the doubt is the prisoner wishes us to give him the benefit of." London Answers.

ManZan Pile Remedy comes ready to use with nozzle attached. Soothes, heals reduces itching and inflammation. An operation for piles will not be necessary if you use ManZan. Price 50c. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS FOR BACKACHE

Weak Kidneys, Lame Back and Inflammation of the Bladder

A WEEK'S TREATMENT 25c

For sale by L. K. Hogarth

Senator Williams.

(Political Advertising.)

A special from Wellsboro published in the Enterprise, August 18th, did not reach my eyo until to-day (Sept. 11th) in it the correspondent says of our Senator Williams:

"His recent letter to the Tioga County Republican Committee stamps him, as anything but a game warrior. The sentiment is that of a forehead and makes him appear before his political associates as a whining, squirming baby. Tioga County Republicans realize that Senator Williams was fairly and squarely defeated at the primaries," etc.

Your correspondent is in error. In my personal campaign for State Senator I have traveled all through Tioga County, and have talked freely and impartially with leading people of all political faiths. Naturally in so strong a Republican district, I have conversed most with Republicans. I found very few, indeed, who consider that Senator Williams was fairly and squarely defeated at the primaries. On the contrary, the prevailing opinion is that Senator Williams received at the primaries a large majority of all Republican votes cast, and that his defeat by an apparent 103 majority would have been a victory by at least 700 votes if none but Republicans had voted on the Republican primary ballot. My estimate that the liquor men, in their active support of Mr. Baldwin, caused nine hundred Democrats of the less intelligent kind in the district to vote for him on the Republican ballot is regarded as very conservative. At the primaries in license towns it was a familiar spectacle to see known representatives of the liquor interest near the polling place distributing Baldwin cards, and to see men whom the poll-books classed as Democrats, come with the cards in their hands and ask for a Republican ballot. I believe that these voters, in most cases, did not fully realize how wrong an act they were committing. Nevertheless, a grievous wrong was done, not only to Senator Williams, but to the Republican party of the district. That party has long claimed to be "the only party that ever did anything for temperance," and is in complete control of a strong temperance district, Tioga, McKean, and especially staunch old Potter being noted for their loyal temperance sentiments. Yet by unscrupulous capture of its primary by liquor men, it is forced to present to the public as its candidate a hotel owner and friend of the liquor traffic, while at the same time it rejects and discredits a Senator whose career was without stain or reproach. Parties sometimes do base, unjust and ungrateful things; and the victims of baseness, injustice and ingratitude patiently submit. But, when an assemblation of evil doers brings outsiders into control of a party to force it to reverse its policy, abandon its principles and repudiate one of its most loyal and honored representatives, submission becomes unfaithfulness to the party itself. Senator Williams would have been justified in announcing himself as the actual nominee of the Republican party; and in a whirlwind campaign, could have taught the liquor men that the Republican party of Potter, McKean and Tioga Counties would not tamely submit to capture of its ticket by men of another party, marshalled by the traffic which is the foe of all the honored traditions of the party and of all good government. I hope that the fact of my being in the field as the Local Option and Prohibition candidate has not restrained him. I aim to unite temperance forces, not merely to secure for myself a public office. And though loyal to my own Prohibition party, I would yield to any stronger and better Democrat or Republican representative of local option and prohibition. Since, however, Williams quietly submits to the wrong personally done him, I think no one should revile him as your correspondent has done. And no sincere Republican ought to ratify the liquor men's wrong doing by supporting him whom they have placed on the ticket contrary to the will of the majority of the party.

If Republicans should wish to submit to that sort of thing (which they don't) there are enough Democrats in favor of temperance to support me as a Prohibition nominee, and prove that their party, in time of need, can be as true a friend of temperance as the Republican party ever claimed to be. In this Senatorial district four of the five Democratic nominees for Assembly are pledged to local option, and the fifth is friendly, although not pledged. And their youthful candidate for Senate, Mr. Seibert, is favorable, even if he does think many extremely radical measures are "equally as important." It is up to the Republicans to repudiate the liquorites this fall by forsaking Baldwin, or later, to give way forever to some party which the liquorites cannot control. Notice is hereby given that this is a temperance district!

ELISHA KENT KANE.

Quieting Him Down.

A farmer sued a cattle dealer for damages in the local county court.

"When I bought the bull," said the complainant, "he told me it was gentle and perfectly harmless—a child could play with it, in fact. Half an hour after I got the animal home he disabled a couple of my farm hands and then turned on me."

"Perhaps the animal was excited by his strange surroundings," suggested his honor. "Is he quiet enough now?"

"Well, yes; but you see"—

"Ah," remarked the defendant, "then my description was correct, after all. I said if he did get excited at first he would quiet down."

"Yes," responded the plaintiff grimly, "but you didn't tell me I should have to shoot the beggar to quiet him down. That's what I had to do!"—London Scraps.

Archimedes.

As a mechanician Archimedes produced the correct theory of the lever and invented no less than forty interesting devices, including the endless screw, the pump, the organ and the "burning glass," with which latter novel weapon he is said to have got fire to the ships of an enemy's fleet from a considerable distance. The story is probably fabulous, but none the less interesting as exhibiting the faith of the people in the man and as indicating the character of his pursuits.

As engineer Archimedes was looked upon as hardly less than a magician. He produced catapults which threw enormous stones and heavy piles at long range into the ranks of the enemy or into his ships, and great derricks were built by him with which to lift the attacking craft out of water or to upset it, destroying all on board. His proposed use of the lever meant the production of the inconceivable inventions in machinery and engineering construction, and his own estimate of its importance was expressed by the familiar quotation, "Give me whereon to stand and I will lift the earth." Archimedes was the first and perhaps the most inventive and greatest of early engineers. His lever still moves the world, and his spirit is inherited by generations of the men who have made modern civilization possible.—Cassier's Magazine.

The Turks and Raki.

"Turks often get drunk. They cheat their religion, 'the dogs, to do so,'" said a converted Constantinopolitan.

"Mohammed forbade wine to his followers; but raki is made of mastic gum. It was unknown in Mohammed's time, or of course he'd have forbidden it, too, for you can get frightfully drunk on it. I know; oh, I know! It's a white drink, with a sweetish taste, a good deal like gin.

"A Turkish dinner is mostly a vegetarian affair, if you can call raki a vegetable. It consists of such things as laort, a curdled milk spiced and scented and baklava cakes cooked in honey, sprayed with rosewater and tinted with saffron flavored whipped cream.

"With each course you drink raki. If getting drunk, you get miserable the thing to do is to crush your glass in your hand so as to give yourself two or three cuts. Unhappy Turks, you must know, express their wretchedness by cutting their hands. Look at these scars."—Minneapolis Journal.

Why Only $15?

How comes it such charming Women's and Misses' Fall and Winter Suits bring only $15.00? *They're samples*—maker got through with Suits and began on coats—sold us his winsome *Samples*. Chiffon Broadcloths, Striped Worsteds, some plain tailored—others with satin or braid embellishment. Coat semi-fitted or Empire. Skirt of newest modeling—not $25.00 and $35.00 which they should be, but only

$15.00

Railroad fares refunded to out-of-town buyers. Parcels delivered free to all city railroad stations in time for your home train.

460-470 Main Street Buffalo, N. Y.

THE DRUM CO.

MADE TO MEASURE

Our Tailoring Department has the New Cloths for Spring.

200 Choice Worsteds and Cassimeres—the advance Spring and Summer fabrics.

You leave your measure, select your cloth and the suit is delivered in ten days.

Every individual point you like best is put in. It's made as you prescribe by artists in the made-to-order trade.

Just like high-class tailoring all but the price—that's only a little more than ready-made.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

32-34 Main Street,

BRADFORD, PA.

H. C. BEMIS

Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work

Planing Mill & Retail Lumber

Estimates furnished from plans and specifications

Inquiries and inspection solicited.

Both Phones

Hilton St. Bradford, Penna.

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:

8:30 a. m. to 12 m,

1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

Lowe's 37 MAIN ST.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 809 Union Phone 493

WHY IS IT?

That each month in all the best homes in this country, on the library table, and in every club reading room, you find the

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

It is because it keeps you in touch with those great public and human movements on which the American family depends.

It is because its stories are the best published anywhere.

It is because its illustrations in color, and black and white, set the standard.

It is because its articles are the most vital and interesting.

It is because there is something in each copy for every member of every American family.

A YEAR'S FEAST

1800 Beautiful Illustrations. 1560 Pages of Reading Matter
85 Complete Stories. 75 Good Poems.
50 Timely and Important Articles.
1000 Paragraphs presenting the big news of the "World at Large."
120 Humorous Contributions.
Wonderful Color Work, presented in frontispieces, inserts and covers.

All Yours for One Year's Subscription to

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Price $1.50 per Year or 15 Cents a Copy

The Publisher of the McKEAN COUNTY MINER has make a special arrangement with THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE by which they are enabled to offer the following extraordinary bargain:

The cost of one year's subscription to THE METROPOLITAN is $1.50. The cost of one year's subscription to the MINER is $1.25. We offer both for $1.65.

Address all communications to

McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

Professional Card:

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

F. O. Gallup,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

J. L. [illegible],
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY.-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.,
Office and Residence, in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph.G., M.D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Hemingway,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.,
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Cleanliness and satisfaction guaranteed.
Date is RIGHT. OFFICE MAIN ST. OVER 5 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

C. M. COLEGROVE,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENN'A
Office at residence, 109 W. King St.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES MCGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa,
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Props.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with deliencies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of

STOVES

think of

STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES, RUBIN BLOCK, SMETHPOR